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OBJECT-LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

OR

HOOKS AND EYES, TRUTH LINKED TO SIGHT

BY THE

REV. C. H. TYNDALL, M. A., PH. D.

AUTHOR OF "OBJECT-SERMONS IN OUTLINE," AND "THE QUICKENING, FILLING, AND ENDUING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT"

CENTRAL CIRCULATION

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

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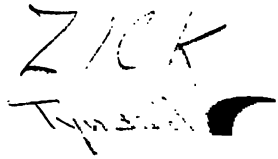
ZICK

because it is the work of His hand, reveals in itself the thought and power of God."

Since every manifestation of nature is but the expression of God's thought, there is nothing common or unclean. He is within every burning bush, and all ground is holy ground.

It is no fault of theirs if the objects of nature do not speak to us of God; for He has declared that the invisible things of Him are interpreted by the things that are made.

Upon every hand there are phenomena which awaken religious emotions. The sublime in nature leads to awe and reverence. The beautiful sunset, a thunder-storm, the roar of a waterfall, mysteries, and death arouse and quicken religious feelings. The sensations experienced by hearing a distant church bell on a quiet Sabbath morning are akin to those aroused by a sight of the Fuji-san in Japan, the Ganges in India, or Mecca in Arabia.

All the religions of the ancient world had nature as a basis. This could not have been the case had not nature spoken to man a divine message. When man's knowledge of God began to grow dim his conceptions of the unity of God and the unity of nature would likewise become weakened, and he would begin to see a divinity in each separate part of nature, and polytheism and nature-worship would result.

That her teachings should be so misunderstood is the result of a superficial observation of her works. He who looks deeply into her secrets should be the last one to lose sight of the unity and uniformity of nature, and hence the unity and intelligence of her Author.

President Hitchcock says, "He who knows the most about science ought most powerfully to feel this religious influence. He ought to go forth from it among his fellowmen with radiant glory in his face, like Moses from the holy mount."

Since the objects of nature express the thoughts of God, they are symbols and types of spiritual truth, and the visible world is but the image of the heavenly world.

Likewise in His higher revelation, the Bible, God speaks to us in a language of symbols; for all language is symbolic. Signs and their combination into language represent thought. They never, however, perfectly express it. For this reason thought which is revealed through spoken language, accompanied by other symbols, such as the expression of the face, gestures, and tone of voice, is more easily understood, and hence more enjoyed, than the same thought revealed simply by the arbitrary symbols of language.

The Bible is God's old testament, and nature is His older testament, and it is as impossible that there should be lack of harmony between them as that there should be discord in the mind of God Himself. All lines of truth in both originate from Him, and when followed to their termination are seen to end in Him.

One book illustrates the other. Were it possible to obliterate from the Bible every allusion to nature, and every truth clarified by natural phenomena, there would be little left to us, and what remained would be so unintelligible that a further revelation would be necessary to interpret it. The remnant would be hard, bare truth, a mere skeleton of the original, with the flesh and blood and glow of life gone.

But nature and the Bible were joined together by the divine hand, and what God has joined together let not man put asunder. Indeed, it is impossible for man to divorce them; they are one and inseparable.

Hence the use of the objects of nature to teach intellectual and spiritual truths is employing the same methods which the Creator uses and designs we should use.

The object-lessons contained in this work have all been

used once or twice in talks to the children of my church in New York, and some of them several times in addressing boys and girls at Junior Endeavor meetings, conventions, and anniversaries. They have nearly all appeared, in a somewhat different form, in the "Sunday-school Illustrator," under the head of "Object-lessons for Primary Teachers."

It was from letters received from friends, many of whom I have not met, who have read them in the "Illustrator" and found them helpful, and from the suggestion of others who have used them, that I conceived the idea of arranging them for publication.

Let those who use them remember that the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. The symbol or object is dead if not used as a vehicle of divine truth. But, blessed by the Holy Spirit, all these symbols may become doves bearing heavenly messages to the soul.

Every object, therefore, which nature has put into our hand let us use for the glory of God, and thus join her in that sublime and universal chorus listened to upon Patmos's lonely peak by the Revelator: "And every created thing which is in the heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all things that are in them, heard I saying, Unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be the blessing, and the honor, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever." For "His glory is the fullness of the whole earth."

C. H. TYNDALL.

BERLIN, GERMANY, FEBRUARY, 1896.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN

"And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. . . ."—Luke x. 30–37.

You see I have in my hands a coat which has been badly torn in many places. It looks as if it had been rudely grasped while being worn, and forcibly wrenched from its owner. Notice also the stains of red which look like blood.* Suppose you were walking along a lonely highway early one morning, and in a part of the road which runs through a deep ravine, close to the foot of overhanging rocks, you should see lying in the way before you a dark-looking object, and you hasten to it and discover that it is a garment like this, badly torn and covered with blood.

You look at the road, and see many tracks and other signs of a struggle. Upon the right and upon the left there are high rocks behind which men could easily conceal themselves, and there is no house for several miles. You think at once, "A robbery has been committed here." You take the garment into your hands, and see that, like this one, it has been rent from the bottom nearly to the top. It also bears numerous marks of having been cut, and as you turn the bloody garment over in your hands you say, "These are the

* Red paint.

places where the daggers of the robbers stabbed their helpless victim. I wonder who the poor man can be?"

It was along just such a road as this, on the highway from Jerusalem down to Jericho, that the robbery occurred which Jesus mentions in His parable of the good Samaritan. From Jerusalem to Jericho there is a descent of over two thirds of a mile, so that you are going down all the way, winding about between the rocks and the hills.

This is a part of the wilderness of Judea, and robbers have infested the region ever since the time of Christ. Even now travelers do not dare to go over that highway unaccompanied by a mounted soldier. Some who have attempted to go alone have had reason to regret it exceedingly.

Among these is the man of whom Jesus tells us. He fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. While he lay in that helpless condition, a priest chanced to go that way, but he passed by on the other side. Likewise a Levite, when he came near to the man, looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan who journeyed that way came where he was, and felt such compassion for the poor man that he bound up his wounds, and put him upon his own beast, and took him to an inn, and paid the host to take good care of him.

Do you not think that the Samaritan performed a very neighborly deed toward the helpless man? And would you not like to know his name, and the name of the one who was thus robbed? We cannot tell their precise names, yet we may know whom they well represent. The good Samaritan aptly illustrates Jesus, who came to us because of His compassion for us. And our state is truly exhibited by the poor man lying by the roadside half dead; for we have been robbed as well as he. Our garments are not torn and blood-

stained, like the one I hold in my hands, but the robbery which Satan has committed against us has been genuine and serious nevertheless.

Since our lesson is concerning robbery, I will hang this blood-stained and tattered garment by the side of the blackboard, where it may continually speak to us, and will write upon the board the word ROBBED.

One thing of which Satan robs us is REVERENCE, that is, a proper respect for God; and we will write that word upon the board. Frequently boys and girls do not honor God in His house as much as they should. When He is being addressed in prayer we should always bow our heads to show that we reverence Him, and we should close our eyes to shut out from our minds the things which are about us, that we may be better able to think only of Him.

In olden times, when God met His people in the tabernacle or temple, He warned them against going into the holy of holies contrary to His directions. If any one but the high priest went in, such a one would be sure to die. One time the ark of the Lord was out of the temple, and some men looked into it, and over fifty thousand of them died because of their irreverence.

A fine, large tree stood on the corner of State and Pearl streets in Albany. One day some men were seen to cut it down. When asked their reason for so doing, it was learned that the tree had sent its tiny roots under the building near by, and these, as they expanded in growth, cracked the walls of the building, and would have utterly ruined it had they been allowed to continue their silent work.

Irreverence in the hearts of boys and girls is like those small roots, and if it is left undisturbed in its growth it will cause the destruction of soul and body. The only safe way is to exterminate every root of irreverence from our hearts.

Another thing of which Satan robs us is INNOCENCE; and we will write that word upon the board. One day, while standing upon a bridge in Rome, I saw a clear rivulet emptying itself into the muddy waters of the Tiber. For a few feet the clear brook seemed to retain its purity, but soon it became commingled with the muddy river, and after a hundred feet it was completely lost in the turbid waters about it.

This is like our heart. In infancy it is pure and innocent. But Satan comes and robs us as the man was robbed on the road to Jericho. He does this by tempting us to do wrong; and soon the purity and innocence of our heart are lost in the turbid stream of a sinful life.

Another thing of which Satan endeavors to rob boys and girls is their SOBRIETY; and we will write that word upon the board. When they begin to drink they little realize that Satan is robbing them of their money, reason, and often of the respect of their friends.

Little Bennie's father had been a drunkard. He used to abuse the family terribly. A week or so after he died, Bennie's mother asked him to go to the woodhouse to get some sticks. "I don't want to go to the woodhouse, mother," said Bennie, looking down. "Why, my son?" "Because there is a pair of father's old boots there, and I do not like to see them." "Why do you mind the old boots more than father's old coat upstairs?" "Because," said Bennie, tears filling his blue eyes, "they look as if they wanted to kick me." That father had been robbed of his sobriety, and through that he had robbed his family of their happiness.

This brings us to another thing of which we are often robbed; that is ENJOYMENT; and we will write that word upon the board. No one can be truly happy who has lost his reverence, his innocence, or his sobriety. Satan also

tries to rob us of our enjoyment by tempting us to doubt the love of Christ.

Dr. Dixon, of Brooklyn, said that their little boy Harold was sick and died, and after they had taken his body to the cemetery in Asbury Park it seemed as if all the enjoyment of their life was gone into that little grave. His heart was heavy, and he could not understand why their son was taken from them. He had no joy in preaching or in any of his work. When the Christmas festival was to be held in their church, he felt like leaving the city, but remained. The children came to the tree, and had a good time, and seemed to have forgotten all about Harold.

The next day was Christmas. While the family sat at table, sad and silent, one of the little ones said, "Papa, this is Harold's first Christmas in heaven." Another one quickly replied, "Why, it is Christmas all the time in heaven." Immediately the sadness disappeared because of the thought of little Harold's happiness in heaven. Here, you see, Satan tried to rob this father of his enjoyment.

Now we will write on the board, in a vertical line, the word HELP, which, with the first letters of the other words, reads HELP RISE; and we have:

The good Samaritan helped the poor wounded man to rise. Early one morning a little girl stood with her father upon the platform of one of the elevated stations in New York waiting for the train. Presently several policemen came with a prisoner who had committed a terrible crime and was being taken to Sing Sing prison. He was handcuffed to two of them and carefully guarded, for it was feared that his friends would try to effect his escape.

His fearful-looking face and the irons upon his hands attracted the attention of the little girl. He saw her looking at him, and, perhaps because of her purity, he became vexed and turned his face away from her. She saw it, and quietly slipped her hand out of her father's, and before he realized what she was doing had gone to the criminal and said to him, "Don't be angry with me, poor man; I am only sorry for you, and Jesus is sorry for you too." Her father saw her and caught her away. The train came, and the prisoner was soon safely delivered at the prison.

The keepers expected considerable trouble with him, for he was known to be a hard man; but, instead, he was quiet, obedient, and industrious. One day the chaplain called him out and said to him, "When you came here we expected to have difficulty with you, for we had heard that you were a hardened character; but, instead, you have been the very opposite. Why is this?" The man replied, "That is quickly told. When I was being brought here a little girl, on one of the elevated railroad stations in New York, said to me, 'I am sorry for you, and Jesus is sorry for you too;' and her pity and His broke my heart."

Through her words of kindness he had become a truly repentant man. Her sympathy for him helped him to rise. And that is just what we are to do for those who have been

robbed of their reverence and innocence, sobriety and enjoyment.

As you look at this tattered coat, you can imagine something of the way souls are robbed by Satan. But you can help them to rise by getting them to accept Christ; and then He gives them the new garment of His righteousness, and they have His peace in their hearts, and you become truly a good Samaritan.

JESUS THE WATER OF LIFE

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." — John iv. 14.

You see I have a pail of water with a rope tied to it. Those of you who have seen wells in the country remember that water is frequently drawn by means of a pail and rope like this. It is very often that one sees water drawn in that way in the Holy Land. They do not have pumps, such as we have, but use the more simple methods of drawing water.

As I let this pail down from the platform to the floor by means of the rope, so they let the pail into the well, and then, by a sudden jerk like this, the pail is overturned, and after it is filled with water it is drawn up.

When Jesus uttered the words of our text, He sat upon Jacob's well in Samaria, a few miles north of Jerusalem. He was on His way to Galilee, farther north. He became wearied in the journey, and sat on the well, resting, while His disciples went into the village to buy food. During their absence a woman of Samaria came to draw water. She probably had some such arrangement as we have here; for when Jesus said unto her, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water," she said unto Him, "Sir, thou hast noth-

ing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?"

Then Jesus taught her that He Himself is the giver of that living water; and so our lesson "is Jesus the Water of Life"; and we will write upon the board the words, JESUS, LIKE WATER, REVIVES.

When a person is fainting because of illness, if water be thrown into his face it will revive him. There are men who travel through deserts, where there are no trees or grass, but all sand, which is burning hot, and deaths from thirst are frequent. They have often been found with their faces down in the sand, swollen and black, having perished from thirst. Suppose a man, falling thus into the sand, could be supplied with a drink of fresh, cool water and have his face and hands bathed in it, how quickly it would revive him! It would seem like bringing him to life again.

In a similar manner Jesus revives our spirit by bringing us to ourselves and causing us to realize our need of Him, the water of life. When the children of Israel were in the wilderness near Horeb, they suffered much for want of water, and the Lord told Moses to take his rod and smite the rock. He did so, and water gushed forth for the people. So Christ was smitten upon His head with the palms of the hands and with a reed; He was wounded in the hands and the feet, and in the side with a spear, and His life-blood poured forth for us. And receiving Him brings life to our dead soul.

Water also REFRESHES; and we will write that word upon the board. If a man, found nearly dead in the desert from thirst, should not only be supplied with enough water to revive him, but could have all he wished to drink, and then a shower should fall about him upon the heated sand, how refreshing it would be!

Frequently we see vegetation wither under the scorching rays of the summer's sun. The leaves of the corn-stalk roll up, and newly planted vegetables lose their erect posture and droop to the ground. But when the rain falls, how all about seems refreshed! Plants and animals lift up their heads and are possessed with new life.

Just so Jesus refreshes our souls, and hence He is called the water of life. When we are discouraged He cheers us. Often those who have been in trouble and upon the point of despair have been revived and refreshed by trusting the Saviour.

Over three hundred and sixty years ago there was a patriot in Geneva, Switzerland, by the name of Bonnivard, who was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon, at the eastern end of Lake Geneva. The castle was upon a rock out in the lake several yards from the shore; and the prisoner was confined there in a dungeon for six years. The only light admitted into those gloomy precincts was through loopholes at the top.

Lord Byron, in his poem entitled "The Prisoner of Chillon," represents him as becoming utterly discouraged, and upon the point of despairing of his escape, when he heard the song of a bird at the top. This aroused him and gave him a longing to see the bird and to look again out upon his native land. So he climbed to the top of his cell, and as he peered out, he saw the beautiful sky above and Lake Geneva below. He gazed upon the stately Alps, dressed in their snowy garments, as they had stood for thousands of years. How beautiful were the hills and valleys! The view he beheld refreshed his drooping spirit and gave him such courage that he held persistently on until his liberation.

What that sight was to Bonnivard, a view of the love, tenderness, and patience of Jesus is to a discouraged soul who

has been struggling against temptation. It so revives and refreshes him that he rises up with a strong determination never to forsake his Saviour, but to fight on until death.

Jesus is like water because He SATISFIES; and we will write that word upon the board. One time there was an old explorer by the name of Ponce de Leon. He heard that there was a fountain in this New World from which if one should drink he would remain forever young. So he traveled through several Southern States to find it. But after seeking for a long time he ceased his search, concluding that there was no such fountain.

Just as he sought in vain for a fountain of perpetual youth, so boys and girls seek for something to satisfy them. They are never quite contented with that which they have at present; but they think that if they only had some other plaything or another party they would be satisfied. They are like the old explorer, seeking in vain for something to gratify. They are certain of disappointment, for it is the heart crying for communion with God. The soul is thirsting for the water of life. Boys and girls do not realize that it is the longing of their heart for Christ, and so they often vainly seek for years to feed this hunger of heart with the pleasures of the world; but when they find Christ they are satisfied.

Jesus is like water because He MAKES GROW; and we will write these words upon the board. You know how water makes plants grow. Here are two pots of flowers. Notice how fresh and vigorous one is, while the other is small and seems to be dying. The one has had an abundance of water, but the other has not been watered for many days. So it is with one who does not have the Saviour in his heart. His spirit pines away like this plant.

In one of the art galleries of Rome there is a famous

painting by Raphael called "Parnassus." In it he represents the heathen god Apollo sitting under laurels playing upon a violin. The sweet tones have so inspired blind Homer that he turns up his face and sings for joy. They have made him forget his affliction.

Those who have an intimate fellowship with Christ partake so much of His peace that they forget the afflictions of life and, like blind Homer, look up and sing. Their soul is being watered with the dews from on high, and this makes them grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Hence we must come to Him often in prayer.

Now look upon the board and see four things in which Jesus is like water.

Yet, do you know, Jesus may be able to give us ever so many precious things, and we not receive one of them? Notice the pail of water which we have. I will cover it with this cloth. If you did not know the pail to be here, the water would do you no good. So Jesus may be near you, and you not know it. The poor heathen do not know how near He is to them. And many boys and girls in this land do not realize that He is right near their heart, waiting to come in.

You close your eyes and I will uncover the pail. Can

you see it with your eyes closed? You say, "No!" Hence we learn that if the pail stood close beside you, and you were blind, you would not know that it was there. Many are so blind that they cannot see that Jesus is near them, waiting to give them the water of life.

Will one of the boys come here and stand by me? I will now ask George, who has come, to turn his back toward the pail of water. Let us all look at the picture upon the right side of the room. You see George is looking at it also, and as long as he is attracted by something else he cannot see the water, although he is close to it.

Your friends may say to you, "Do not think of religion now; you are too young," or, "Come, let us do this;" and so they draw your attention away from Christ. And however much He may be able to revive dying souls and refresh, satisfy, and make them grow, it will do you no good unless you come to Him and drink.

You may learn all about Him in the Sunday-school or in this lesson, and be little profited by that knowledge. The only way to be refreshed by water is to drink it. See this glass of water standing upon the table. If I am exceedingly thirsty it will do me no good until I drink it; then it refreshes me. So, if you want Jesus to bring you joy and peace and blessing, receive Him into your heart now.

GOD'S REMEDY FOR SIN

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."—John iii. 14, 15.

ARE boys and girls afraid of serpents? Why are they afraid of them? Yes; it is because they bite. Perhaps you remember the story of the fiery serpents among Israel, as related in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers. While journeying in the wilderness the children of Israel became discouraged and spoke against God and against Moses. They complained of the lack of bread and water, and expressed their loathing for the manna which God had sent them from heaven.

As a punishment for this sin, fiery serpents came among them and bit the people, and many of them died. Then they repented and acknowledged their sin to Moses. And the Lord told him to make a fiery serpent and put it upon a pole, and, when any of the people were bitten, if they looked at the serpent they should live.

So Moses made a serpent of brass. It may have looked like the Japanese serpent we have here, which has been bronzed.* Then he put it upon a pole, perhaps like this, six or eight feet high, where it could be easily seen. So we will put this serpent upon the pole, and wind it around, and fasten it with pins, and stand it where it may remind us of

* A rope bronzed, with beads for eyes, will answer.

our subject, which is, GOD'S REMEDY FOR SERPENTS' BITE—SATAN'S BITE; and we will remove the paper covering the blackboard, and you see we have these words printed there.

Our souls have been poisoned by the tooth of Satan as truly as the bodies of the Israelites had been poisoned by the bite of the serpents. And that is what Jesus means in our text. As the serpent was put upon the pole that the people might look and live, so Jesus was nailed to the cross that, through faith in Him, we might be saved.

To see a serpent, like the one here, put upon a pole to cure the bite of a serpent must have seemed to the Israelites a strange remedy. So to see the Son of man put upon the cross to cure the sin of man seems to many a most unlikely method. But it was God's way, and His ways are not the ways of man.

There are some things which we will consider concerning this remedy. It was IMPORTANT; and we will write that word upon the board. Without it Israel would have died, and without God's remedy for sin we would have perished eternally.

A young man was crossing a Western prairie, and a severe snow-storm came on. He lost his way, and began to freeze. He had but one match, and upon this his life depended. He pulled some long, dry grass out from the snow, took paper from his pocket, and struck the match on his coat sleeve, and trembled as the little flame flickered and almost went out; but it revived, and the paper caught, and he soon had a warm fire, and his life was preserved. The value of that match to him was beyond price, for it saved his life. But God's remedy is of infinite importance to us, for it gives us eternal life.

It was an IMMEDIATE remedy; and we will write that

word. As soon as an Israelite was bitten, the pains of death began to be felt, so that he needed an immediate remedy, and this was at hand. He had only to look at the serpent upon the pole, and he was well.

So we need an immediate remedy for sin. Without it the thief upon the cross would have perished.

Mr. Cox was an old gentleman about seventy years of age. He began to attend our meetings, and became anxious to become a true Christian, but it seemed hard for him to change his whole life. He often felt uncertain concerning his salvation.

One evening he appeared before the elders of the church, and expressed a desire to be received as a member. He seemed to have arrived at last where he could trust Christ to save him, and said that he felt it to be his duty to partake of the Lord's Supper, as he had never done so. How he anticipated his first communion!

We reminded him of how grateful he ought to feel to God that his life had been spared so many years, and at so late a time he had accepted Christ, which is very unusual for men of his age to do. He expressed gratitude to God, but seemed to feel that he had a fair opportunity to live many years.

Sunday morning came, but he was not at the service. It was learned afterward that one hour before partaking of his first communion upon earth he was suddenly called to communion in heaven. The uncertainty of his life shows that we need an immediate remedy for sin.

This remedy was HEALING; and we will write that word upon the board. Suppose a little boy of the children of Israel is playing, and a serpent comes out of the bushes and strikes its fangs into the little one's hand. He runs home, screaming, to his mother. His hand begins to swell,

and the swelling goes up to his elbow and then to his shoulder, and it continues to pain him.

The little one will surely die unless something be done for him. One comes in and informs them of the serpent upon the pole. His mother takes him out and points toward the serpent. He looks, and immediately feels better. He brushes the tears from his eyes and says, "Mamma, I feel well again." As that remedy was healing, so Jesus is healing for all our sins.

One time, in South Africa, a settler saw a native near his stables, and thought that he was trying to steal a horse. The native declared his innocence, but in vain; for he was dragged to a tree, and had his right hand severed from his wrist.

A few months after this the same settler was late in getting home, and was obliged to stop at a hut to remain overnight. He was admitted and cared for until morning, and when he arose to leave, his host held out his right arm and asked the white man if he knew it. The settler turned pale, for the hand was gone. He knew that he had been at the mercy of the man whom he had so cruelly treated. The native said, "You were in my power; I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has maimed you for life.' But I replied, 'No; I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'"

See what a healing remedy Jesus was in the heart of the poor African against the sin of revenge.

God's remedy was HONORABLE; and we will write that word upon the board. Although it was nothing but a serpent, it was holy, because it was God's choosing. So Jesus, as a great King, being nailed to the cross for our salvation is an offense to some; but He is an honorable remedy for all sin, because He is chosen of God to be our Saviour.

This remedy was a SIMPLE one; and we will write that word. Moses did not tell the people to mix up herbs and take medicine. All they needed to do was to look and live. The remedy was so simple that they were in danger of despising it.

A policeman in New York saw some oysters, one day, and was induced by the vender to buy twenty-five cents' worth. As he began to open the second one the blade of his knife struck against something inside the shell. It seemed half filled with some substance. Soon the shell was opened, and a thing of beauty greeted his vision. Very snugly in the oyster lay an enormous pearl. He went to a jeweler's and placed it upon the scales. He was surprised when told that it weighed sixty-five grains and was worth over two thousand dollars.

It was such a simple thing to purchase oysters that the policeman was in danger of refusing them. Had he done so, what a rare pearl he would have missed! The simplicity of God's remedy for sin causes many to turn away from it. They desire to do something difficult to procure their salvation; and, refusing to receive Christ into their hearts, they miss the pearl of great price.

This was also a SURE remedy; and we will write that word upon the board. A look at the brazen serpent would save the worst cases among the bitten Israelites as quickly and as certainly as it would those who had been only slightly bitten. So Christ is able to save the greatest sinners as well as those who think that they are not very bad.

During the Civil War in the United States, as the soldiers went through the South, they often destroyed a vast amount of property in obtaining food. This caused the farmers much vexation.

One of them, who was loyal to the Union, or wished that

he might be thought to be, was afraid that his property would be destroyed. So he spoke to the general as he came along, and told him that he was a Union man and wanted to be protected from the soldiers. The general said, "Put up your flag, then." He sought all over the house to find a flag. At last he found a tiny one in a cigar-box and pasted it upon his gate-post.

When the soldiers came on he halted them with the remark that the commander had assured him that, the Union flag being displayed, his house would be protected. "That is so," said the soldier, "but where is your flag?" "There," said he, pointing to the piece of paper pasted upon his post. The soldier bent down and looked at it carefully through an eye-glass, and then said, "Well, it is pretty small, but it is big enough to cover the house. Fall in, men. Forward, march!"

The little piece of paper with the stars and stripes printed on it was sufficient to make the soldiers pass by that house. So God's remedy for sin, although it is so simple and often despised, is a sure remedy; for when He sees the blood of Christ upon our heart He passes over our sins and remembers them no more against us.

Notice that the first letters which we have upon the board are "I. H. S." We have these letters large, cut out of card-

board, and we will pin them, one below the other, upon the pole containing the serpent; for they stand for "Jesus, the Saviour of men." These letters have been used with that meaning for many centuries.

God's remedy for our sins is Jesus, the Saviour of men. The serpent which Moses put upon a pole pointed to, or typified, Him upon the cross. This explains the meaning of the words, "Even so must the Son of man be lifted up," mentioned in our text.

You may not know that the old enemy, Satan, has bitten you; but he has, whether you realize it or not. If you have ever committed a sin or done anything wrong, that shows that the poison of his tooth is in your heart, and you should look to Jesus and ask Him to save you. Have you done so?

WATER TURNED INTO WINE

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And He saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was . . ."—John ii. 7–9.

HERE are six small stone jars.* You see they are empty. I will stand them in a row upon the table, where we can look at them while we talk about Jesus at the wedding in Cana of Galilee.

He, His mother, and His disciples were invited. When the wine failed His mother came and told Him. He commanded that the six water-pots which stood there should be filled with water. They were larger than these, holding from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons. The servants filled them to the brim, and so, by means of this glass pitcher, we will fill these jars from the pail of water.

Jesus told the servants to draw from the jars and bear to the ruler of the feast. When they poured the water out they saw that it had been turned into wine. How surprised they must have looked!

Now let us pour some of the water out of the jars which we have. You also looked surprised to see that the water has turned to the color of wine. The reason for this is be-

* Fruit-jars will answer.

cause I had put a little dry powder into the bottom of the jars, and when the water was poured upon it, it colored the water red.*

But that which the servants drew from the jars was not colored water. It had been turned into real wine by the power of Christ; for when the governor of the feast tasted it he pronounced it the best they had drunk at the wedding, saying, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Jesus not only converted the water into wine, but changes many other things. He said to John the Revelator, "Behold, I make all things new."

I have some large letters which have been cut from cardboard. We will hang them, one after another, upon the jars, and let them represent the new things which Christ creates for us when He comes into our heart.

The letter T, which we will hang upon the first jar, is for TEMPER. Many boys and girls have quick and unruly tempers, and often they hold ill will and refuse to speak to their playmates for a long time. But when the Spirit of Christ comes to the heart He corrects this; and the change seems more wonderful than to turn water into wine. How much a kind, loving temper will accomplish!

Did you ever see a man become angry at his horses, and whip and scold them? One day there was a man in New York who became angry at his, because they would not pull the load. While he was whipping them and swearing at them a little girl stood upon the sidewalk watching him.

After a time she said, "Mister, I can make them go." At first he felt disposed to swear at her. But he finally asked her how she would do it. She said that she would show him. Then she took sugar from a paper which she had in her hands, and gave a piece to each horse. Then she held some

* Permanganate of potassium and peroxide of iron.

more near their mouths. They came toward her and took it. She took more pieces and held them toward the horses, and stepped back, and they followed her. So she led them on and started the load with her kindness, which the man, with his whip and swearing, had failed to do.

He said to her, "How did you come to do that?" She answered, "I belong to a Junior Christian Endeavor Society on West End Avenue, and it is one of our rules to try to do some kind act every day." She was trying to please the Saviour, for He had given her a loving temper. Those who give way to fits of anger need Him to come into their hearts to change them.

The letter H, which we will hang upon the next jar, is for HOME. Christ changes our homes as truly as He turned the water into wine. Suppose you could move into the finest house you ever saw; would you be glad to have such a nice house? Well, you may have a neat home, and a pleasant and happy one, if Jesus be there. Then, after a time, He will take you to His heavenly home.

One day I called upon a Christian family in a tenement-house in New York. They had four lovely and beautiful children. The home was neat and comfortable; yet there were only three rooms.

The mother said to me, "When we first came to the city we had nothing. We ate upon the window-sills for a table, and sat upon the trunks for chairs. A woman came to see us on an errand, and asked where the table was, and I told her that we had no table, and she sent us one. I told my husband that we would never have anything if he continued to drink beer. He kept promising, but never stopped. One night he heard sweet singing on Grand Street. He went to the meeting, and came home with the pledge. I had prayed a long time for this. Now we are all Christians. Look at

us; we have everything," and she glanced about the room. "God always gives us when we ask Him in earnest." And she repeated, "And now we have everything."

Yet they lived in a poor rear tenement-house. How Christ changed this home! Where He reigns in the family there is happiness.

The letter A, which we will hang upon the next jar, is for ACTS. These are new when Christ comes into the heart. Sinful habits disappear, and right ones are formed.

Did you ever go to a menagerie and see a leopard or a panther? Do you suppose if the spotted leopard should say to himself, "Now I will turn these spots all white," that he could do it? The Bible says that when the leopard can change his spots, or the black Ethiopian his skin, then may we do good who are accustomed to do evil.

Boys and girls who are in the habit of telling lies, or of committing other sins, find it just as difficult to stop as a leopard would to change his spots. But when Christ comes into the heart, the bad deeds die and good ones are with pleasure performed instead.

The N, which we will hang upon the next jar, is for NAME. When we come to Christ He gives us a new name. Sometimes boys and girls become so wicked that they are called by bad names, such as Lying Fred, Fighting Tom, or Saucy Nell. But when they become true Christians they cannot be truthfully called such names. Then even men address them more respectfully.

One poor young fellow said that he knew that the men in his shop thought that he was a Christian, because they called him mister, while they would call the others by their given names, and often by nicknames.

When Jacob wrestled with the angel in the prayer of faith, the angel told him that his name should hereafter be called

Israel; and Abram's name was changed to Abraham in token of the great blessing which he should receive.

Would it not be nice to have Queen Victoria give you a new name? You would probably say, "Queen Victoria named me." But you may have the King of kings give you a new name; for He says, "I will write upon him My new name."

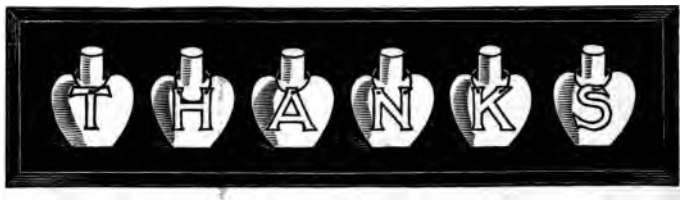
The K, which we put upon the next jar, is for KINGDOM. When we become Christians we are citizens of another kingdom. While we live in disobedience to God we are citizens of Satan's kingdom, for we are his servants. But when Christ comes to reign within us He translates us into His kingdom, and He tells us that our citizenship is in heaven.

Have you not seen boys and girls who were displeased with their faces? Sometimes they stand before the mirror and wish that they were more handsome. Well, I will tell you how to become good looking. Have Christ in your heart and He will change your looks. For even boys and girls who are not naturally handsome, if they love Him, show that love in their faces.

One time a dishonest old woman went into a store. The watcher noticed her handling some imitation diamond rings, and observed her hand go up to her mouth. Later he saw that she was trying to put one of the rings into her mouth, but the string upon the tag caught in her tooth. As she was pulling and endeavoring to get the tag in also, he said to her, "My lady, let me help you put it in." If it had not been for the tag she might have succeeded in her theft.

Just so sins have tags upon them, and they are sure to show somewhere. If a boy has a wicked heart it will appear in his face. It may be bad thoughts or bad habits, and after a while they will be seen just as surely as drinking

habits are beheld in people's faces. But when Christ comes into our hearts and changes them, He removes all these tags of sin which are upon our faces. Do you want the tags of sin taken away? Then ask Him to come and reign in your heart and make you a citizen of His kingdom.



The letter S, which we put upon the last jar, is for SPIRIT; for all the transformations which we have been considering occur because Christ first gives us a new spirit. By nature our hearts are like stone and our spirits are dead to God. But He says, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes." But all these things are not brought about and completed in a moment or in a day. It is through the Spirit of God within us that they are wrought.

This is illustrated by the lithograph in various colors which I hold in my hand. It was printed from several successive stones. The first stone printed the parts of the picture which could be given in the shade of one color. Then the second stone was so accurately adjusted as to add a color to the work of the first, without obscuring it. The third stone added something more, while retaining all the work done by the first two. And so impression after impression was made until the picture was completed.

The Spirit of God makes impression after impression upon the heart in which He is permitted to abide until He has the image of Christ within perfected.

You see that the letters which we have placed upon the jars form the word THANKS. How appropriate it is for us to render thanks unto Christ, who gave Himself for us that all these changes might be wrought in our lives! And the most thankful thing we can do is to receive Him.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. xxiii. 29–32.

DOUBTLESS all the boys and girls can tell me what this is which I hold in my hand. No; it is not a glass of wine, but is liquid the color of wine; and we will let it represent wine or beer.

Many people think that wine the color of this is very beautiful. The little foam which rises upon the top seems to them to sparkle, and they like the taste of wine and of other liquors. But there are few people to whom it tastes pleasant at first. Alcoholic liquor burns the throat so much that usually people are not able to drink it without immediately taking water to destroy the fiery effects in the throat. Beer is bitter, like bitter medicine. So it is very unusual for one to enjoy alcoholic liquor when he begins to drink it. The taste for it is acquired. However it may taste, the Word of God says that at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Suppose you should start to take a drink from this glass, and should see a large serpent come out of it, how it would

frighten you! But the serpent is in every glass of liquor, whether you can see it or not.

There is pasted upon the bottom of this glass, by means of paper, a tiny piece of hollow tin, which was a doll's plate. I will cut the paper holding it to the glass and show you what is so securely hidden there. It is a small-looking object, which I will touch with this match and show you how wonderfully it will change.*

I do not wonder that you act surprised; for it begins to coil out like a serpent. Who would have supposed that such a frightful-looking object lay concealed beneath the beautiful-colored liquid in the glass? You could not see it at first, but when it was touched with the flame it grew.

Our lesson is concerning INTEMPERANCE; and we will write that word upon the board. The first thing which it BRINGS to us is WEAK MIND; and we will put those words upon the board. Those under the influence of liquor lose control of their minds and, if they continue to drink it, frequently become permanently insane. They do not always know that their drinking habits have injured their intellect and that they have become weak-minded, just as insane persons are not aware that they are insane.

One time an industrious shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much of his time in a saloon near his shop. When his wife would remonstrate with him for it, he would say, "Oh, I've just been down a little while, playing pool." His little two-year-old boy heard him, and would say, "Is you going down to play fool, papa?" He tried in vain to cor-

* Sulphocyanide of mercury mixed with a little gum tragicum, which has been dissolved in water, making a paste of about the consistency of mucilage. The powdered mercury is mixed with this to make little cones an inch long, which are laid in an oven and thoroughly dried. Ignited, they expand, serpent-like, and are called Pharaoh's serpents.

rect this word; but day by day the child would ask his father, "Has you been playing fool?"

This made a deep impression upon the shoemaker, but his mind had become weakened through drink and he constantly yielded to the temptation. Eventually his business was gone, and he found himself without money, food, and work. Idle and despondent, he exclaimed, "No work again to-day; what I'm to do I don't know!" "Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "Oh, hush, you poor child; that is just the trouble. Papa has played the fool too much already." Intemperance makes one play the fool.

The next thing that it brings upon one is OFFENSES and we will write that word also. The most atrocious crimes of which we know are committed when men are drunk; and frequently they are not aware of what they are doing. No one can ever tell what terrible thing he may do if he is under the influence of drink.

A young man stood before a large crowd of people. He had a rope about his neck, for he was to be hanged. The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now; you have but five minutes more to live." The young man burst into tears and said, "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I became angry with him without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it till I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. Whisky did it! It ruined me! One more word before I go into the presence of my Judge. Never, *never* touch anything that can intoxicate."

And this reminds us of the next thing that intemperance brings to one, which is an EARLY GRAVE; and we will

place those words upon the board. It so weakens and injures the body that it sends one to the grave much sooner than he would otherwise go.

Often a large fungus—children frequently call it a toadstool—grows upon a tree, and in some mysterious manner it saps the life from the spot where it grows. When the fungus falls in the autumn it leaves scarcely a trace of its presence. But the whole character of the wood where it was has been changed, being soft and cork-like to the touch. Perhaps in the first storm which the tree encounters the trunk snaps off at the spot where the fungus has been, and the extent of the injury becomes apparent.

It is precisely so with those who indulge in intemperance. They may not seem to show its bad effects at present, but storms come. Let sickness show itself, and their bodies have become so weakened by drink that they cannot endure, and they sink into an early grave. Boys and girls, if you want to live long, abstain from all kinds of intoxicating liquors and from tobacco.

The terrible consequences of the drink habit are not seen merely in the destruction of mind and body; they go further, and ruin the soul. Hence the next words which we have for the board are SOUL'S RUIN.

A minister in New York relates the following incident of a drunkard's death: "There died a few days ago, in a house where I call, a man only twenty-four years old, and yet a confirmed drunkard. He had stripped his home by pawning almost everything he had to satisfy his craving for drink. One day he came home with a burning thirst and no money, and he said, 'Mary, where are the little clothes you made and put away?' He actually robbed his baby of the clothes made by its mother, and pawned them for twenty-five cents for drink. He pawned his wife's shoes, so

that she had none to wear at his funeral; and also the last sheet of her bed, and he died upon one borrowed from a neighbor.

"His death was no less disgusting and horrible than his life. He continually clamored for drink. One of his chums had sent him a present of some whisky. He kept calling for some of Morris's whisky, and then he would cry for lager beer. When he was unable to speak, he motioned for pencil and paper and wrote, 'Mixed ale.' With his last words he called out, 'Lager beer.' It was brought to him, and when it was put to his lips it was found that his teeth were so set that he could not drink it. Then, with almost superhuman effort, he raised himself in the bed, eagerly clutched the glass, and drained it twice, and then, leaning back with the beer-mug in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, his spirit took its everlasting flight."

Notice that the first letters of these lines form the word WOES; and that word very properly applies to what we have been saying, for all kinds of woes are brought upon one by intemperance.

One New-Year's eve a sergeant in charge of one of the

wards in San Francisco sat in his office musing, when a man rushed in and said, "For God's sake, lock me up quick—quick!" The sergeant was upon his feet in an instant, and was staring at the man who had staggered in and was begging to be imprisoned.

"Who are you, and what do you want to be locked up for?" said the sergeant. "What is that in your hand?" The man dropped into a chair and burst into tears, and, as he did so, lifted the object he held in his hand to his lips and kissed it again and again. The sergeant saw that it was only a baby's rattle, worn and dirty, as if it had done much service in the tiny hands of its owner.

The sight of the plaything, and the thought of his own little ones at home, made the officer's voice more tender, and he laid his hand upon the man's shoulder and said, "Come, come, man; this won't do. Tell me what it is."

The man said, "I've been drunk for days. I've a wife at home, and used to have a baby. That," holding up the rattle, "used to be hers. Since she died I have never drawn a sober breath. My wife has stood by me, and God only knows what she has had to stand. This morning when I left home I promised her I would return sober, but I went home drunk. When she saw me she just said, 'O John, John!' and fell into a chair crying as if her heart would break. The sight of her misery drove me mad, and I made up my mind she would be better off lying out there beside little Nellie than with me. I determined to kill her, and reached for something with which to strike her, and this [rattle] is what my hand grasped. Then I fled from the house."

He was put into a cell and, as a mark of favor, given a mattress upon which to sleep. In the morning, when they went to awaken him, there he lay dead, with the little rattle grasped in his hand.

Woes of every kind rest upon the sin of intemperance in this world, and the woes of God through all eternity attend it.

But perhaps you think of some one who has used intoxicating liquors and has not become a drunkard, and you think that you will be one of those moderate drinkers.

A lady was traveling by train from St. Louis to her home in Cleveland, O. While the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, her baby, which was only eighteen months old, became fretful, and suddenly leaped from the mother's arms out of the open window. The alarm was given, and the train was quickly stopped and backed to the spot where the baby had fallen. There the little one was found, sitting upon a pile of soft gravel near the track. It was unhurt, except a few bruises upon its forehead. This seemed perfectly wonderful!

Some boys and girls have drunk wine and beer and have not become drunkards; but it is just as much a wonder that they have not as it is that the babe which fell out of the car-window was not killed. How would any of you like to try to jump out of a car-window when the train is going so fast, just because you heard of a little baby who did it and was not killed? You would not think it safe, would you? So it is not safe for you to drink beer simply because you heard of a boy or of a girl who drank it and did not become a drunkard.

I hope you will not forget this serpent; and if any of you are tempted to drink wine, beer, or cider, just remember that there is a snake in it, and that at the last it will sting like an adder, and then you will not touch it.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

"And they made ready the Passover. And He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is My body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood, which is shed for you."—Luke xxii. 13, 19, 20.

WHEN the children of Israel were in Egypt, Pharaoh refused to let them leave the land, although God had sent many plagues upon him and his people for refusing to allow them to depart At last the Lord said to Moses, "About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill; and all the first-born of beasts."

There was but one way for the Hebrews to escape this dread destroyer, and that was by having the blood of a spotless lamb sprinkled upon the side-posts and on the lintel, or upper door-post, of their houses.

If you had been in Israel then, you could have seen one from each family go out and take a lamb free from blemish, cut its throat, and hold a dish in which to catch the blood; and when he had all the blood he would walk up to the door of his house, and, dipping a bunch of plants called hyssop into the blood, would spatter it upon the posts of the door, as I do this blood-colored liquid upon this door.

That night the Lord went through the land of Egypt, and beheld all the doors, as we look at this door. Whenever He saw an Israelite's door with blood upon it He passed by that home; but when He came to a house of the Egyptians with no blood upon the door, the destroyer entered, and the first-born of that family died.

The next morning one was dead in every Egyptian family, but all were alive in the homes of Israel. They were thankful that the blood of the lamb had kept death from their families, and, obeying the commandment of God, they observed that day every year with a feast, somewhat as we do Christmas.

It was called the Passover, because on that night the Lord, beholding the blood on the lintel and two side-posts, did not permit the destroyer to enter and smite any of the inmates. The Passover, even down to the time of Christ, was a day of joy, and of feasting upon a roasted lamb. And that is what Jesus told His disciples to go and prepare; so we will write upon the board the words, A PREPARED PASSOVER.

The feast not only pointed back to the deliverance in Egypt, but looked forward to the time when the Lamb of God should be slain, that His blood might be sprinkled upon our heart by faith, and we saved from eternal death. As the Israelites gratefully remembered that part of the service which referred to their salvation in Egypt through the slain lamb, how much more should they and we devoutly remember that part of it which refers to Christ, our Passover, being sacrificed for us! And this is the purpose for which we observe the Lord's Supper.

As the disciples prepared the Passover, so things are made ready by ministers and others before the Lord's Supper is observed in the churches.

But there is another preparation, which is of the heart. Before we can properly partake of the Lord's Supper we must be made ready by having our sins forgiven. All angry feelings against others must be laid aside, and we must trust Christ alone to save us from our sins. The real preparation is His Spirit dwelling within our hearts, enabling us to love Him and to desire to remember that He died for us.

As they were eating Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and gave it to His disciples, saying, "Take, eat; this is My body, which is broken for you." And we will write upon the board the words, BODY BROKEN—BREAD. The slaying of the paschal lamb points to the breaking, or the maltreating and crucifying, of the body of Christ.

When the terrible forest fires were raging in Minnesota, a young telegraph operator sat at his instrument sending messages. As the fire came on he gave no heed, except to send despatches all the faster. The fire found him with his hand upon his instrument, where he died that he might warn others of their danger.

The fires of sin were raging all about and within us. Christ came to this world to destroy sin. It burned fiercely about Him; yet He did not flinch. He suffered the nails to be driven into His hands and feet. He sacrificed His own precious life upon the cross that we might escape eternal ruin. As the bread is broken, so His body was broken.

The wine represents His blood; and we will write upon the board, BLOOD SHED—WINE. While He was nailed to the cross blood streamed from His hands and His feet, from His brow and His side. Had He not poured out His life-blood for us, there would be no possibility of our being forgiven.

An imaginary story is told of a sick girl who lived in Egypt when the destroyer was going through the land to

kill all the first-born in every family not protected by the blood sprinkled upon the door-posts. The sick girl said to her father, "Father, is the blood upon the door-posts yet?" "Yes, it must be; for I ordered the servants to put it there, and they are obedient, and never neglect to do whatever I tell them."

She was restless, for it was near midnight, at which time the awful messenger was to come. She was not satisfied, and said, "Father, are you sure the blood is upon the door?" He said, "Yes." But she was not content with that, and her father took her in his arms to the door, that she might see for herself. And lo, the blood was not there! How startled they were! The father himself hurriedly killed the lamb and sprinkled the blood upon the door, and they were saved.

Unless the blood of Christ is applied to our heart, we cannot be saved. The salvation of the Israelites required the death of the lamb; so eternal life to us meant death to Christ. Hence the words with which He was taunted when upon the cross were true: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." He could not save others by the cross, and at the same time save Himself from the cross. He could not keep what He gave. Nothing could save us but the sacrifice of Himself.

"John Maynard, a God-fearing pilot upon Lake Erie, had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, 'Simpson, go down and see what the smoke is.' He came up with pallid face and said, 'Captain, the ship is on fire.' 'Fire! fire! fire! fire!' instantly resounded in all directions.

"Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it

was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers inquired of the pilot, 'How far are we from land?' 'Seven miles.' 'How long before we reach it?' 'Three quarters of an hour.' 'Is there any danger?' 'Danger enough here. See the smoke bursting out. Go forward if you would save your lives.' Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the bow of the boat.

"John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire. Clouds of smoke arose. The captain called out through his trumpet, 'John Maynard!' 'Aye, aye, sir,' responded the brave tar. 'How does she head?' 'Southeast by east, sir.' 'Head her southeast and run her on shore.' Nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

"Again the captain cried out, 'John Maynard!' The response came feebly, 'Aye, aye, sir.' 'Can you hold on five minutes longer?' 'By God's help, I will!' The man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set; yet he stood as firm as a rock. He beached the ship. Every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard and his spirit took its flight to God. He saved others; himself he could not save."

The Lord's Supper is remembering that Christ was crucified, that His blood was shed for us; and we will write upon the board the words, CHRIST REMEMBERED.

The first letters of the words which we have written upon the board are A, B, C. The prepared Passover and broken body, the shed blood and Christ remembered, are the a-b-c of the Lord's Supper. We remember our friends and their kindness, and that is well. When they are dead we look at their pictures to remember them, or at some present which they gave us; and that is what the bread and wine are for in the Lord's Supper. They are to help us remember that Christ died for us and that He is coming again.

Two men were driving along a road in New England. One said to the other, "There is a small stone blacksmith shop around the bend in the road. Twenty years ago, when I was a boy, I used to spend my vacation there. In the window of that shop I always saw a little mug of marigolds. I almost imagine I can see them now."

A few moments later, coming in sight of the shop, sure enough, there were the marigolds in the window, fresh and bright. "It must be the same old blacksmith," said one. They stopped to have their horse's shoes fixed and to learn the story of the marigolds. While the kind old blacksmith was shoeing the horse, one of the men said, "You always have flowers in your window?" "Yes," he replied; "it is for my little daughter's sake; she died all of twenty-three years ago."

Then the blacksmith told how it happened. After he had been married two years his wife died of typhoid fever, and left a little daughter six months old. His trouble drove him almost to madness. He did not take it to God. Soon he began to drink, and the habit fastened itself upon him stronger and stronger. When the little girl grew to be older she would say to him, "Naughty pâpa; smell bad. Ruthy don't love papa." "How that cut me to the heart!"

said the blacksmith. Then he would drink harder than ever.

For three or four years he neglected his child altogether. She went to a Sunday-school and learned about the Saviour. The first Sunday she went she said that she did not want to go unless papa went too. "That touched my heart, I can tell you, for I used to go to church every Sunday. Now I felt I was not fit to be seen in a decent place. I resolved I would stop drinking. For two weeks I didn't touch a drop. Then the temptation was so strong that I went to the woods, where I kept my liquors, and drank harder than ever; and for two years I continued to drink.

"About this time some little girls in Sunday-school, together with Ruthy, organized a flower mission to carry flowers to sick persons. One day the little band was going by my shop, which was closed because I was too drunk to work. 'I wonder,' said Ruthy to the other girls, 'if I place some marigolds in the window for papa, whether it would help him to be cured of his sickness.' The dear little heart always called my sin sickness. The other girls told her it would do no harm to try. So every morning she plucked the marigolds and put them in the window.

"One morning I discovered that it was she who did it. I lifted her up and kissed her a dozen times through the window, and asked her why she wasted her flowers on a miserable scoundrel like me. She said it was to cure my sickness. 'Kiss the flowers, papa, as you have me.' That was too much; I kissed the little bunch of marigolds. The next day she came home sick with diphtheria, and, in spite of all we could do for her, she died. Her last words were, 'Papa, you will not be sick any more, will—' and she lost consciousness. Her lips never opened again."

He never drank after that, but gave himself to Christ. As he told this the great tears rolled down his cheeks. For twenty-three years he had kept fresh flowers in the window every day, to remember his little Ruthy and her love for him. So, at the Lord's Supper, we remember how Jesus loved us and died for us, and that He is soon coming again.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—Acts xix. 2.
"When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth. He shall glorify Me."—John xvi. 13, 14.

You have, no doubt, heard of the dreadful disease leprosy. In Old Testament days the disease was of much more frequent occurrence than at the present time; but even to-day lepers can be seen outside the walls of Jerusalem, sitting in the road which leads across the brook Kidron to the Mount of Olives. They sit in the dust, having pails in front of them to receive the alms of the passers-by; for often they have no hands, and, if they have, are not permitted to come near to a person not having the disease. They are pitiful and frightful-looking objects.

In the Bible this disease is used as a picture of the condition of the soul in the sight of God; and the rules which He lays down in His Word concerning the purification of lepers are interesting because of the spiritual lessons they teach us.

If one of you will come here and help me, I will try to show you something of the ceremony which was performed at the purification of a leper who had been healed of the disease.

After a lamb had been slain the priest put the blood into a dish, and, stepping up to the one to be purified, dipped his

finger into the blood and touched the tip of the man's right ear, as I touch the ear of William with the blood-colored liquid in this dish.

This was to signify that the man was cleansed from wrong hearing, and it was also a figure of the cleansing of our hearing by the blood of Christ. This ear has heard many things which it ought not to have heard; listened to many things unholy, impure, and disobedient; refused to hear the commands of God or the advice of parents and teachers. The blood which was put upon the ear represented that the blood of Christ cleanses from the sin of wrong hearing.

Then the priest dipped his finger into the blood and touched the thumb of the man's right hand, as I do William's thumb. This signified the cleansing from wrong doing, and was a type or picture of our cleansing by the blood of Christ from sinful acts.

Then the priest touched with the blood the great toe of the man's right foot, as I touch William's foot. This was to teach that the man's walk or life was purged from sin, and it was a figure of the cleansing of our walk or manner of life by the blood of Christ.

All the ceremony thus far signified our being purified from sin and becoming the children of Christ. But this was not all that the priest did. He took oil and poured it into his left hand, like this; and dipping his finger into it as I do now, he touched the ear, the thumb, and the toe of the one to whom the blood had been previously applied.

We have seen that the blood of the lamb was a figure of the blood of Christ. Can you tell me what oil represents in the Bible? Yes, it signified the Holy Spirit. Then this touching with the oil meant that the man was not only cleansed by the blood, but was consecrated by the Spirit of God to be His servant; and it also teaches that our sins are

not only to be pardoned, but that we are to be consecrated to Christ by the Holy Spirit.

When Paul went to Ephesus he saw some believers in Christ, and asked them if they had received the Holy Ghost since they believed. They said that they had not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

Their experience is like a man, in the ceremony for cleansing from leprosy, being touched with the blood, but not with the oil. Too many have come to Christ that they may be pardoned of their sins and accepted by Him, and forget that that is only a part of what He has bought for us. We need the gift of the Holy Spiri. as truly as did the believers at Ephesus. It is He who enables us to glorify Christ.

In the first place, He consecrates our hearing to the service of Christ; and so we will write upon the board the words, THE HOLY SPIRIT MAKES US HEAR CHRIST, the last word of which we will print in large letters.

In a small new town in North Michigan, several years ago, there was a boy lost. Soon the news spread through the whole village and into the shops that a little boy was lost in the forest near by, which was inhabited by wild animals. All hands laid down their tools and started to look for the child. Hundreds were scouring the woods in all directions, among whom were the anxious father and mother. Amid all the cries that could be heard was the voice of the father, shouting, "Charley, your father calls you." This he cried over and over, until he was so hoarse that he could barely speak. But still he shouted, "Charley, your father calls you." At nightfall the searchers were rewarded by finding the boy.

As the anxious father called the lost boy, so Christ calls us, and it is the Holy Spirit who makes us hear and recognize His voice.

Christ says, "He shall glorify Me." The Holy Spirit does not make us hear the saints or other good people, but it is to Christ, and to Him alone, that He teaches us to look for salvation.

One Sunday little Anna came hurrying into the Sunday-school. She passed every one and went directly to the pastor and whispered something to him. All the boys and girls wondered what she said. In a moment the pastor left the room. He went out and found one of her little companions held by the arm by an Italian who sold fruit on the corner.

The little girl had accidentally broken the man's show-glass, and he refused to let her go unless she paid for it. She had no money, and cried bitterly for fear. The pastor told the man that he would pay for it, and took the little girl by the hand and led her into the church.

You see, little Anna went directly to the one who, she knew, was able to help her friend out of the difficulty. She did not go to some of the boys or girls. The Holy Spirit teaches us to go directly to Christ ourselves; for He alone is able to save. The oil put upon the ear teaches us that the Holy Spirit enables us to hear Christ when He calls to us in our distress.

Again, the Holy Spirit is given to us to enable us to OWN Christ; and we will write that word upon the board. To own Him is to confess Him, to show by word and act that we love Him.

When the Holy Spirit came upon the disciples, on the day of Pentecost, He enabled them to confess Christ so powerfully that the listeners could not resist their words, and three thousand were converted.

Here is the story of how the Holy Spirit enabled a boy to confess Christ with much power.

Charley Coulson was a scholar in the Sands Street Sunday-

school, of Brooklyn. He joined the army as a drummer. He was so wounded at the battle of Gettysburg that he had to have an arm and a leg taken off.

The attendants came in to administer the chloroform, and he refused it, and also whisky, which they offered to him. They reported it to the physician in charge, who was a Jew. He went in and said, "Boy, when I found you upon the battle-field I thought you were hardly worth picking up. But when you opened those large blue eyes I thought that you might have a mother somewhere, and so I had you brought here. You are too weak to endure the operation without chloroform or whisky, and must take one of them."

Charley replied that his father had died a drunkard, and that one of the first things which he ever remembered his mother doing was to kneel by his side and say, "Charley, I am now praying that you may never know the taste of strong drink." "And now that I am, possibly, to go into the presence of my Maker, would you have me go before Him with the smell of whisky on my breath?"

The physician did not insist, since he promised that, if they would not make him take those things, he would not even groan when they took off his leg and arm. While cutting through the flesh he made not a sound, but when the doctor took the saw to part the bone, the lad took the corner of the pillow into his mouth and said, "O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise and did not groan.

A few days after this, when he was about to die, he sent for the physician, who reluctantly consented to see the boy, but was determined that nothing that the lad should say would in any way influence him to believe in Christ. Charley said, "Doctor, you are a Jew; you do not believe in Jesus. Will you please stand here and see me die, trusting

my Saviour to the last of my life? Five days ago, when you were amputating my leg and arm, I prayed to the Lord Jesus to convert your soul."

The boy died, and the surgeon followed him to the grave. He could not forget Charley's heroic conduct, his prayer while undergoing the operation, nor his faith in Christ in his dying moments. He was afterward converted to Christ through the boy's influence. His name was Dr. Rossvalley, and he resided in Washington. His son was converted and became an evangelist.

Here the Holy Spirit enabled a youth so to confess Christ by word and deed that an opposer of Him was led to acknowledge Him, and doubtless many others also have been led to Christ through the doctor's testimony and hearing the story repeated.

The Holy Spirit comes to our heart to enable us to LIVE FOR Christ; and we will write those words upon the board. That is what the oil upon the thumb meant: that the whole life should be given to God in loving service.

Blind Jennie is a girl who lives in New York on the East Side, near the river. She is poor, and totally blind, and is suffering from a disease which the physicians cannot cure; but Jennie does a great deal of work for Christ, for she has a kind of Sunday-school in her home. The children enter, and one of the girls reads the lesson, and Jennie explains it; then they sing the gospel hymns, and she prays for them. Sometimes the room is crowded, and many of these poor children, and frequently their parents, hear the gospel and are led to love the Saviour.

One dreary, dismal November night the pastor's wife heard singing in the street in front of the chapel. The tunes were familiar, but she was unable to recognize the voices. One of the hymns was, "How firm a foundation,

ye saints of the Lord." The messenger who was sent to see who the singers were found four small children, who had come to the chapel to spend the evening in looking at the picture papers in the reading-room, and had come an hour before the door was open. "Where did you learn those hymns?" "By Jennie." "What Jennie?" "Blind Jennie in Lewis Street."

The Holy Spirit has visited Jennie's heart, and has enabled her not only to hear Christ, but, as sick and as poor as she is, to live for Him.

In the next place, when the Holy Spirit comes to our heart He makes us YEARN FOR Christ; and we will write those words upon the board.

The Holy Spirit finds us as wanderers from Christ, and He comes to us and makes us hear the voice of Christ and turn to Him for salvation. In this we are thinking only of our safety. Then He leads us to own, or confess, Christ. In this we are thinking less of self and more of Christ. Then the Holy Spirit imparts to us a desire to live for Him; to yield, or consecrate, our lives to His service; and this is still less of self and more of Christ.

But this is not all that He needs to do for us; for there

are many boys and girls who try to work for Christ who do not love to pray; communion with Him is more of a duty than a pleasure. But the Holy Spirit changes this, and the more He comes to our heart the more we yearn for Christ. His presence becomes sweeter to us than all else.

One Saturday evening, about five o'clock, when crowds of people were going to their homes, my little two-year-old daughter and I went into a shop in New York near the post-office. As I was to be engaged in business a few moments, I told her to stand still where she was.

When I turned around, she was gone. I hastened to the door; she was not there; the clerks in the shop had not seen her. Two of them were despatched to the shops up and down the street to ask for her, while I ran among the crowds upon the sidewalk to see if I could find her; but all was in vain. I hurried across the street and looked through the great post-office, but she was not there. I looked through the streets, crowded with teams, to see if she had been run over.

When I could think of no other place to look for her, and was standing in the middle of the street, looking anxiously both ways, suddenly I saw a policeman coming a block away, with a crowd about him. I hastened to him, and there found my little daughter, with her hand in his, walking along as happy and as contented as possible.

How I had yearned for her she could not know. She did not even know that she was lost. This is like us, lost in sin. While Christ seeks us with a yearning heart, we are at our ease; we may not even believe that we are lost. But when at last He finds us and we receive His Holy Spirit, He imparts to us a yearning after Christ, somewhat like the yearning of the Saviour for us. Like Mary, the sister of Martha, we love to sit at His feet and learn of Him.

Notice that the words we have written upon the board form the word HOLY. When the Spirit of Christ comes to us He makes us holy. This is what was signified by the oil put upon the great toe of the cleansed leper. He was to live a holy life for God.

Since it is only through the power of the Holy Spirit in us that we shall hear, own, live for, and yearn for Christ, and only He can enable us to live a holy life, we should pray Him to come and reign in our heart. If Jesus and the disciples needed Him, how much more do you and I!

LOVING ONE ANOTHER

"Fitly joined together. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—Eph. iv. 16, 32.

THIS text is well illustrated by a tub.* I will pour some water into this small one. You see that it goes through immediately; and, as I hold it up, you observe that it has no bottom. Will you now tell me what all good tubs must have? Yes, they must have a bottom or foundation to which the staves can be joined.

So our souls must have a foundation; one to whom we can be joined, and upon whom we can build our spiritual house; one to whom we can go with our sins and troubles, and one to whom we can look for strength in time of temptation. Such a one is Christ, and He is the only foundation.

Boys, girls, and young people are banded together in many societies which do not have Christ for a foundation; for they do not depend upon Him, nor are they organized for His glory. There are even some churches which do not have Him for their foundation; for they do not depend upon Him for their salvation.

All such churches, and all associations which do not teach that He alone is able to save, as far as any benefit to the soul is concerned, are like this little tub without any bottom.

* Have several tubs prepared as suggested in the various points.

Not only is Christ the foundation, but there is no other. The Bible says, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Hence it is not Christ and the church, Christ and the saints, or Christ and our good deeds that save us. He did not come to make up the little goodness which our lives lack in making them acceptable to God.

I hold in my hand a glass of pure water. Suppose that this represents human nature before it sinned. Now I will drop into the water a tiny piece of arsenic, which is poison. You cannot see any change in the water. But you would not say that there is a great deal of pure water there, and a small amount of poison, and that the whole glass of water should not be condemned just for the little that is bad in it. No sensible boy or girl would talk like that. He would instantly say that the little poison makes it all bad, and that on no account must we drink any of it.

Now I want to make the glass of water good to drink. Here is another glass of pure water, and if I pour that into the poisoned glass, will it not make the whole pure again? You see at once that it will only poison the whole of it.

So it is with Christ. If He should take your life, with the poison of sin in it, and add to it His own pure life, and then present them before God as an atonement for sin, the whole would be condemned; for it would be mixed with sin.

Now if I should pour into the glass which contains the poison a little of another chemical, called sulphureted hydrogen, a heavy yellow cloud would appear. The chemical would go through every part of the water, and seize upon the poison, and you would see it collected together in the cloud. Then, if I should strain or filter out from the water

all of the yellow substance, the water would be free from the arsenic.

So the Spirit of Christ comes into the heart in which there is sin,—it makes no difference whether there is little sin or much,—and seizes upon it and turns it out of the heart, that Christ alone may abide within. Now the life can be presented to God and accepted by Him; for it has Christ living in that newly created nature. So it is not Christ and you, but He alone that makes the foundation. All other ways of salvation are tubs with no bottom.

All tubs must also have staves, and they must be united to the bottom. Here is a small tub which has one little stave that does not go down below the first hoop on the tub; it is not joined to the bottom. This tub could not hold water, could it? It would all soon leak out.

It is like a church or an Endeavor Society which has boys and girls among its members who have not been born again of the Holy Spirit,—in other words, who are not joined to Christ,—and so they hinder the work of the church or society to which they belong as this little broken stave ruins the tub.

Do you not remember how the army of the children of Israel marched around the city of Jericho, and the walls fell down to the ground? But just after that, when they went out to fight another battle, a small number of their enemies defeated them and turned them back in great confusion. The whole army of Israel were disgraced and met their first defeat just because one man, named Achan, had stolen a wedge of gold and a Babylonian garment from Jericho, when God had told the people not to touch anything. This was the poison in the glass which must be cast out, and so they had to destroy Achan and his whole family before God would give them the victory.

Hence we learn that those who are members of the church and are not truly born again only hinder the work; and they should give their hearts to Christ and ask Him to wash away their sins, so that they shall not defeat His cause. It is very nice for boys and girls to unite with the church and Endeavor societies, and it is right for them to do so; but it is wrong if they have not been born of the Holy Spirit.

Here is another tub, the staves of which are all joined to the bottom; but you see that there are notches sawed between them. The staves do not fitly join together, and that spoils the tub for holding water. This is like a church or society in which all the members are truly saved, yet they are not joined together in love. Something has gotten between their hearts.

Now I will write upon the board some of the things which divide our hearts as these staves are separated. First, ANGER. This greatly severs our hearts.

Just before the great naval battle of Trafalgar, Commander Nelson took Admirals Collingwood and Rotherham, who were angry at each other, and pointed to the fleet of the enemy that was going to oppose them, and said, "Yonder are your enemies; shake hands and be good friends." So I would take any of you boys and girls who are at variance with each other, and I would point you to Satan and all his traps and say, "There is your enemy; you cannot afford to be angry while you have a common foe such as he." I would point you to the bed of death, to the grave into which you soon may fall, and say, in the name of Him who loves you both, "Shake hands and be good friends." I would take you each by the hand, and lead you where you shall have a little glimpse of the glorious home you both are to share, and would say, "Shake hands before you go out of this house, and be good friends."

The next is FALSEHOOD. When we tell lies to one another it separates our hearts. Our lesson warns us against being disunited by these things.

The third is STEALING. That is taking things which do not belong to us. This is sure to divide our hearts. Boys or girls who love their playmates will not steal away their things.

The fourth is HARSH WORDS. Often these have divorced the hearts of loved ones for years, and sometimes forever.

A church or Christian Endeavor Society is like this pair of scissors. The blades might say to the rivet, "You are not doing anything. You only remain idle between us, while we do the work." "Yes," says the rivet; "but what could you do if I did not hold you together?" What can any church or Endeavor Society do if it be not held together? The staves of the tub must be "fitly joined together."

But this is not all that is necessary if the tub is to hold water. Here is a fine little tub, the staves of which are painted red, white, and blue. They are all joined to the bottom by this lower band, which has been painted red. We will let that hoop represent the band of redeeming love, which joins us to Christ, the foundation. All the staves are also encircled by the upper band, which has been gilded; and we will call that the golden band of love, or Christian fellowship, which holds us together in churches and societies. There are no holes between the staves; they are "fitly joined together." Yet, with all these things, the tub will not hold water. The reason for this is that the bands are not driven down tightly enough, and all the water soon leaks away.

See how loose the tub seems to be in all its joints when I

shake it. Notice what the result will be when I strike it a smart blow upon the bottom with my hand. Ah! it falls to pieces.

We may be members of the same church or society, and all joined to Christ, and have no quarrels between us,—"fitly joined together,"—and still be cold and indifferent toward one another, not love one another fervently. The Holy Spirit, who is represented by the water, cannot long remain in such a church or society, and when He is gone we are like a tub with loose bands which is left in the sun to dry up. Let some difficulty come and strike us a sudden blow, and we fall into discord.

The bands must be firmly driven down. Let us tighten the bands of love until our hearts are closely knit together. We can love one another if we try, and love can overcome every obstacle.

A condemned murderer lay in his cell and repeated over and over, "You are sentenced to be hanged by the neck until you are dead! —dead! ! —dead! ! ! —and may God have mercy upon your soul." Then he would break out into the most horrid curses of God and man. A woman heard of it, and went to his cell for the purpose of talking with him. But when she saw his evil face her heart failed her, and she handed him a bunch of flowers and burst out crying. He looked at her, and thought of his leaving home and mother years before, when he saw such a sight. It broke his heart, and he cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Love will break down the strongest barriers. Let us drive down the bands.

Here is a perfect little tub, which illustrates what we should be: all joined to Christ, the foundation, all joined to one another, and having the bands firmly driven down.

But that is not enough. The tub needs to be filled with water. We must be filled with the Holy Spirit. When He reigns within our heart all will be right.

Several years ago, when the ship *San Francisco* was wrecked, the passengers and crew were in great distress. They worked hard at the pumps, but saw that they must go down if they were not aided. They had their signals of distress flying. Soon they looked away in the distance, and saw a ship with a signal on the mast. The captain put his glasses up to his eyes and read, "The *Three Bells of Scotland.* She is a good ship and has a good captain." Soon they saw another signal, as the night began to close in about them. The captain took his glasses again and read, "Keep your light burning, and we will stand by you."

All night they kept their light in view, and when the morning dawned the promise was seen to have been faithfully kept, and all the passengers and crew were saved from the wreck. A few years ago, when the good captain died, telegrams came from persons all over the country telling of his bravery in rescuing them.

So we are in the storm; there is danger of many sinking; and the Captain of our salvation calls to us, "Keep your light burning, and I will stand by you." Let us keep the light here burning so brightly that when we are rescued from the wreck not one shall be found to be lost.

Let us take hold of and hold on to Christ, and cling to one another with fervent love. But let it be an unwavering love. For a long time scientists were looking for a material out of which they could make a pendulum so that it would be the same length in all weather. The trouble was that in hot weather the pendulum would lengthen, and then the clock would run too slow; and in cold weather the pendulum would contract, and then the clock would run too fast. At

length they discovered that by the use of mercury, which expands as much one way as it contracts the other, they could always keep the pendulum practically of the same length, and so have a perfect timekeeper.

So should our love be, always of the same length; not fervent to-day and indifferent to-morrow, but steady, like the love of Christ, which is ever the same.

A CHRISTMAS LESSON

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. . . ."—Luke ii. 11–17.

HERE is a rough-looking box containing some hay. What would you think if you should go into a home and see a tender little babe lying upon hay in such a cradle as this? You would think that the people were very poor, would you not? And you would pity the babe with such a poor cradle.

While shepherds were watching their flocks one night upon the plains of Bethlehem, an angel appeared and announced to them that a Saviour was born in Bethlehem; and then the whole heavens seemed to burst forth with a song of praise to God, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

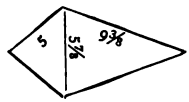
When they ceased and all was again quiet, the shepherds talked of what they had heard, and started for Bethlehem to see the babe. Upon arriving, they went to a cave which was used for a stable, and there they saw Mary and Joseph, and the babe Jesus lying in a manger. It was probably made of a low piece of rough stone or rock hewn out so as to hold hay.

At the present time there is shown to visitors in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, which is really a small cave fitted up as a chapel, a small manger hewn out of marble. But the one in which the babe Jesus lay was, without doubt, much more rude and probably not nearly so much like a comfortable cradle as the one we have here.

Little babes whose parents are rich lie in beautiful cradles, not in such poor mangers as this; and so the first thing that this manger teaches us about Jesus is that He was poor.

His mother loved Him, and would have gladly given Him a much more beautiful place if she could have done so. No one has ever been born who had a poorer cradle than Jesus.

I have here a diamond-shaped piece of cardboard, with the letter P in the end.* This we will pin upon the board,



and let the P stand for POVERTY, which Jesus endured for us; and we will write the word below.

It is not usually considered desirable to be poor, is it? Money can buy us many beautiful things, and people who have plenty of it can wear fine clothing and live in good houses, and their children can have many pretty things.

Did you ever hear of any one being poor because he

* This is the section of a five-pointed star, having the dimensions indicated in the cut. To make a star, a circle is divided by lines into five equal parts of seventy-two degrees each. Where these lines intersect the circle, draw straight lines through any two points nearest each other, and continue them, and where these lines cross will be the points of the star.

chose to be? If people are poor, it is not because they are so from choice. But Jesus was born in poverty and laid in a manger because He chose to be. Before He came down to this world He was in His glorious heavenly home, and knew all about where He would be born, and just the kind of a cradle He would have; and He chose to come and be just as poor as He was. He is the only one who ever lived who chose beforehand to be poor all His life.

The voluntary poverty which He bore is illustrated by a poor little African boy who was taken into a mission school. He had been there some time, with ten other boys, and had given his heart to Christ. The teacher in the school supplied each boy with a good blanket. These blankets were a great comfort to the little African boys, and very few possessed such a treasure. One day the twelfth boy came to the school, and there was no blanket for him. So the teacher asked the first boy who had come to the school, and who loved the Saviour, if he would not give his blanket to the little boy who had none.

This was asking him to make a great sacrifice, for it was the dearest thing he had on earth. It seemed to him that he could not do it. The teacher told him how the Saviour loved him, and came down to this world and was poor for his sake; and that he ought to be willing to give up his blanket, for Jesus' sake, to one who did not know the love of the Saviour.

The boy went out under a tree and lay upon the ground, and thought of the Saviour and of the love that led Him to leave His heavenly home and come down to this world, and live in such poverty, and die for him. He felt so thankful for this that he arose and went in and said to the teacher, "I am ready to give up my blanket now, because Jesus gave up so much for me."

The letter E upon this other piece of cardboard stands for ENVY, which Jesus endured for us; and we will pin this upon the board, and write the word. He suffered the taunts of His brothers, the slander of the people of Nazareth, the jealousy of the Pharisees, the envy of the chief priests, and the contradiction of sinners in general. It was the same spirit manifested toward Him which the murderer Cain showed toward his brother Abel.

The letter A upon the next piece of cardboard stands for the AFFLICTION which Jesus bore; and we will pin this by the others, and write the word. "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth," because He was enduring it for us, and He could not say anything in our favor.

There is a rough newsboy in Chicago, named Nibsy, who has suffered much that he might help others. On Rockwell Street railroad crossing, one day, he saw a child standing, and a train was rapidly approaching. As he sprang forward his companions shrieked, "Back, Nib, back!" "You'll be run over!" "You'll be kilt!" Shutting from view the frightful engine, and closing his ears to the piercing shrieks of the mother and the warning of his companions, he dashed toward the babe. As he seized the child he heard the cruel, merciless breath of the oncoming foe upon him. He quickly, but tenderly, cast the child outside of the cold steel rails to a place of safety, but he himself was terribly injured.

The engineer did not attempt to restrain his tears as he raised the mangled little body and hugged it to his breast. All conscious, the lad opened his eyes. "De kid?" "Safe, my man," faltered the engineer. Being assured that the child and the mother were safe, Nibsy fainted.

After months in the hospital, he emerged with a crutch, and an arm that will always be stiff. What a noble sacri-

fice he made to save the life of the child! It reminds us of the afflictions which the Saviour bore to save us.

The C upon the next piece of cardboard, which we will put in place, represents the CRUEL MOCKING which Christ endured for us; and we will likewise write those words. Upon the day of His trial they arrayed Him in a robe, and bowed the knee before Him, offering Him mock prayers. They also put a crown of thorns upon His head and a reed into His hand, that they might mock at Him for calling Himself a king. They blindfolded Him, and spat on Him, and smote Him with their hands, and asked Him to tell them who struck Him. This they did that they might mock at His being a prophet. But He bore all of this patiently and without a murmur.

Two hundred and fifty years ago there was, in one of the provinces of Japan, a governor by the name of Hotto, who unjustly extorted money from the people. They were sure that the great prince, or tycoon, of the country did not know of this injustice being done to the people. But no one dared to complain to him; for to do so meant the death of the one who made the complaint, as it was unlawful to make any charge against a ruler. There was a brave farmer, by the name of Sogoso, who determined to bring the matter to his notice.

One day, when the great tycoon was riding through the streets, surrounded by officers, Sogoso rushed in among them and thrust a petition into the sovereign's hands, stating all the just grievances of the people. Soldiers pulled him away, and for this right and noble act he was tried and condemned to be crucified.

When he hung upon the cross he cursed the unjust governor Hotto most bitterly, and died calling him by all the hard names possible. How different was this from the

meek and quiet spirit of Christ, "Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not"!

The E upon the last piece, which we will put into place, stands for EXECUTION; and we will write that word. This means that He was put to death; He was crucified; and that, as all His poverty and suffering upon earth, was for us.

There is a story told of a father, mother, and infant child who were crossing the mountains in Vermont. A terrible storm came on and they lost their way. The husband left the wife and child to seek for a house. He was unable to find his way back because of the darkness and the storm. At length the morning came and the storm had subsided. The sun rose bright above the earth. Then the neighbors, with the anxious husband, resumed the search.

Toward noon the body of the mother was found cold in death, partly covered with the snow that had fallen during the night. But, wonderful to tell, the child was alive. With a mother's love,

" She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
Then sank upon the snow to rest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm."

She gave her life to save her babe. This illustrates something of the love which Jesus had for us and the sacrifice He made for us.

Notice that the letters upon the star which we have made form the word PEACE. It was a message of peace which the angels brought to the world. While it meant peace and good will to us, it meant poverty and suffering to Jesus, as we see by this rough manger, which represents His cradle of poverty, and by the things which we have considered in this lesson. That is, we obtain peace through what He endured for us.

I recently saw, upon one of the mountains along the river Rhine, some large trees, which have grown up out of crevices of the rocks into which one could barely thrust two fingers. Centuries ago an earthquake rent the rocks, and into the crevices the little seeds fell, and there they took root, and now large trees which defy the storms are the result.

So the Rock of Ages was rent through the justice of God. Into that cleft Rock we helpless sinners fall, and find a safe hiding-place, and there take root and grow up into Him, strong trees of God, which defy the storms of sin and Satan. He is our safety and our peace; let us rejoice in Him.

FISHERS FOR CHRIST

"From henceforth thou shalt catch men."—Luke v. 10.

HERE are some fish which have been dried.* Can you tell me one way in which fish are caught? Yes, by something like this.† Sometimes they are caught in a net. When we set one for them do all the fish rush to get into it? Would you not think it strange, if you should cast a net into the water, and then all the fish should immediately hasten into it? I think that any fisherman would be surprised by such an unusual occurrence.

When Peter and his partners, James and John, were fishing in the little Sea of Galilee, a new and wonderful teacher came into the region, preaching to the people. He had no church or synagogue. The cloudless sky was His only sanctuary, and a rock or rise of ground His pulpit. On the occasion to which our text refers the great Teacher had an unusually large and interested audience, and they crowded so closely about Him that He borrowed Simon's boat from which to teach them.

When He had completed His sermon, by way of reward for the use of the boat, and to teach a further lesson, He told Peter to row out a little and let down his net. Simon said, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing:

* Dried herring. † A fishing line and rod.

nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." And when they had done this, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net was about to break. They had to beckon to their partners to come from the other boat to help them; and when they had secured all the fish the two boats were filled to the point of sinking.

When Simon Peter saw it he was so astonished, and all that were with him, at the vast multitude of fishes which they had caught that he fell down before Christ and said, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He felt that no one but God could cause the fish to rush into a net in that way. But Christ spoke kindly to him and said, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

He meant that Peter, and all His followers, are to be fishers for Him, by getting others to come to Him for salvation. So every boy and girl who loves Him should be a fisher; for he should try to get others also to love Him; and we will draw the outline of a fish upon the board.

Do fish like to be caught? No, they are AFRAID; and so we will write that word within the outline of the fish which we have made. Just as little fish are afraid of being caught, so boys and girls are afraid of God. They do not like to be caught. They dislike to become Christians, because they think that they will have to give up all their happiness. To be sure, fish that are caught are unhappy; but it is not so with boys and girls who become Christians, although Satan tries to make them believe that they will never have any happiness if they love and serve the Saviour.

Little Willie is told by his mother, before she leaves home, that he must be sure not to go down to the river. After mother has gone George comes along and asks Willie to go to the river and have a good time. Willie hesitates at first; but, after George taunts him about being tied to his mother's

apron-strings, he goes, and soon forgets all about what his mother said.

The boys get into a boat and row out. In their play the boat is tipped, and Willie falls into the water. He screams so loudly that some men who are working near by hear him, and come and pull him out just in the nick of time. His clothes are all wet, and he received such a fright that he is taken home and put to bed. Soon it will be time for his mother to come home, and he dreads to meet her. He thinks how unhappy he will be when he sees her.

He wishes that the clock would not hurry so, because it is almost four, when his mother is to be at home. In a few moments he hears her step upon the walk. How his heart beats! And how sorry he is that she is coming! He expects to be miserable when he sees her; but as soon as she comes in he confesses all. The mother simply says, "I am sorry," and takes her little boy into her arms and forgives him. He is so happy. Now he is glad she came. He has not the misery which he expected. How his eyes open wide with surprise as she hands him the present which she has brought him from the shop!

This is frequently the case with boys and girls. They think that to have Christ come into their hearts would make them unhappy. They must become Christians sometime, but do not like to think of that time. It is because they do not understand how loving the Saviour is. When they come to Him they see that it is a much happier life to live than a life of sin, and they are always sorry that they did not come to Him before.

We have seen that some fish are caught with a net, and others with a hook and bait. How is it that God catches us? For He has to catch us just as truly as we have to catch the fish. Since we are afraid of Him, He has to win us to

Himself. He has His net and hooks. I think that we might call them love; and so we will make a hook upon the board, and write the word LOVE by the side of it.

With love Willie's mother won him from fear and dread to meet her, when she came in and put her arms around his neck, and said, "I am sorry," and kissed him and showed him the present. So the dear Saviour does not come to punish us, but to win us by His love and tenderness.

One time a man met a little boy with some blackberries which he had picked, and he said to the lad, "Where did you get such nice berries?" "Over there in the briers, sir." "Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with such a basket of nice berries?" "Yes, sir; she always seems glad when I hold up the berries; and I do not tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

So the Saviour comes to us in His boundless love, and presents to us the priceless benefits which His sacrifices have bought for us; and He does not mention the sufferings they have cost Him, nor how much our sins have pained Him.

Did you ever know of a fish that had been caught, trying to catch other fish? That would seem strange, would it not? But sometimes little fish are caught, and are used as bait to catch other fish. When boys and girls have been caught by the Saviour's hook of love, they are so happy that they are desirous of helping others to know Him also; and so we will write upon the board, under the fish, the words, HELP OTHERS. True Christians are not selfish, but try to bring to others the same blessing which they have received.

Even a loving word may be a blessing to those in need of Christ. One time a man in great trouble because of his sins went to a friend. He had been a Christian, but had backslidden, and now he felt distressed. He said, "My little girl was at a Sunday-school concert last Sunday. On her return

I asked her for the lesson of the evening. She said, 'Prayer.' She said to me, 'Papa, you used to pray with us; why do you not now?' For three days those words kept sounding in my ears, so that I could not sleep." Soon he began family prayers again, and then all the family were happy. That child was a true little fisher, because by her words she had helped her father to think seriously of his duty to Christ, to his family, and to himself.

When one goes a-fishing he puts some bait upon the hook, so that the fish will be attracted to it, and be caught. And he is not careless as to the kind he selects, but uses that which is the most inviting to the fish. It is as if he said to the fish, "Please come and taste the fine bait which I have upon this hook, and let me catch you." Without some such invitation as the bait gives, one might sit with hook and line for days and catch nothing.

So we need to kindly invite our friends to come to Christ, to taste and see that the Lord is good. Hence we will write upon the board the word INVITE. One time there were two children, a brother and a sister, who were left orphans. They loved each other fervently, and in all their trials helped and encouraged each other. There seemed to be no sacrifice that one would not make for the good of the other. The sister became a Christian and united with the church.

One day her pastor called upon the brother, and urged him to become a Christian, and was surprised to find that he professed to disbelieve the teaching of the Bible that he was in danger while he continued to reject Christ. As a proof of the correctness of his position, he said, "I know that my sister does not believe the teaching of the Bible that if I should die I would be lost. She has always shown that she loves me, and do you suppose that she would believe me to be in such danger, and yet not speak to me about it? I

know that she would not." See how a kind invitation from that sister would have helped her brother.

One may know just where the fish are in the water, and all about how to catch them, but if he does not try he will never catch any. If boys and girls would bring some one to Christ, they must try.

But that is not all. Suppose one should go a-fishing, and wait a minute or two, and when no fish came he should drop the line and say, "I will not wait for fish like this; they do not come quickly enough," and then go away. Do you suppose he would catch many? What do people do when they go a-fishing? Yes, they wait; they keep at it; they persevere. We must be patient if we would get others to love Christ; and so we will write the words, DESIST NOT, which mean that we should keep trying when we are doing anything for Christ. You know Jesus said to Peter, "Let down your nets;" yet Peter had fished all night and had caught nothing. But he said, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." So he caught his net full. We are to do just as Jesus said, and try again, and never desist.

There was once a severe storm in a German village. The lightning struck a barn in which were a family of storks. The parent storks were in deep distress, for the flames were all about their nest. At last the mother bird darted down, and took one of the children in her beak, carrying it off to a place of safety. Then she came back for the other. Just as she was going to take the poor little one it fell through into the flames. Quick as lightning the mother flew after it and bore it away.

The next day the people found a poor lame stork on the ground. Its leg was badly burned, and they knew it to be the good, faithful mother. They sent for a doctor, who ban-

daged the leg, and they fed and cared for her until well. Like this mother bird, we should desist not in our efforts to save the lost.

We must also expect to catch fish. If one does not believe that he can catch something, he will not trouble to go, will he? So we will write the word EXPECT upon the board. As long as boys and girls think that they cannot do anything for Christ, they are not likely to try; but when they trust and expect to do something for Him, they are much more certain to make an effort.

Of course little boys and girls cannot do so much as grown people; neither can they fish so well. But suppose you should go a-fishing with your father, and he should bait the hook and throw it into the water, and hold his hands upon yours, and tell you when to pull up the fish. Any one could fish in that way, could he not? But that is the way our heavenly Father does. He shows us by His Spirit just what we should do, and then helps us to do it. So the smallest boy or girl can be a fisher.

What would you think of a boy or girl who should go to fish, and make a great deal of noise, splashing the water with

his rod? Would he catch any fish? What do people usually do when they go a-fishing? Do they stand where the fish can see them? No; they usually hide.

Notice that the first letters of the words which we have upon the board form the word HIDE. And that is what we should do if we wish to accomplish anything for Christ. I do not mean get into some dark room and conceal ourselves, but to hide our selfishness. When some boys and girls do any good deed or speak a kind word, they want to tell of it at once; but the best way is to be kind and loving, and say nothing about it.

In a Western city, last winter, a fire nearly consumed a hotel occupied almost wholly by wealthy people, among whom were many children. It was after midnight when the alarm startled the inmates from their sleep. The flames rushed through the elevator shaft, cutting off that way of escape, and the electric lights went out, adding darkness to the confusion and horror.

One wealthy lady, a widow with a little child, was groping her way with him through the corridor, stifled by smoke and pursued by the flames, when, in the midst of it, a figure darted to her side, took the boy in his arms, caught her by the hand, and led her through the smoke and danger out of the house. "You have saved my boy!" she cried. "Who are you?" "One of the bell-boys," he said, giving her the child. She was not satisfied with the answer, and held him fast. "I can't see you, but I must know who you are! What is your name?" "It doesn't matter, Mrs. P——," he said; "it is just one of the boys." He turned quickly away into the darkness, and still remains unknown.

The important thing to him was to save the woman and her child, and then, when he said nothing about it, the act became all the more heroic and noble. To lead others to

Christ, that they may know Him and save their souls, is the noblest act that we can perform; and it heightens its nobility to say nothing about our efforts, lest we attract the attention of those we wish to bless to ourselves. If we do that, they will see our failings, and then misjudge the Saviour, and lose the blessing. Let us hide self and show Christ.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv. 6.

I HOLD in my hand a bunch of flowers. Will you tell me from whence flowers come? True, they spring from the earth. But could we have any flowers if it were not for such tiny objects as these? They are small flower seeds. In order to have flowers from the seeds, what must we do? Yes; put them into the earth.

That is what Jesus meant to teach us in John xii. 24, where He says, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." One of these flower seeds will forever remain alone, unless it be put into the ground and die. So we will drop some of them into this flower-pot of earth, and cover them.

Now we will write upon the board the words, SEED REPOSING. This explains further to us the meaning of Christ's words to which we have just referred. As the corn of wheat must be put into the earth and die, so Christ needed to die and be buried to make us His children. When He was crucified, they took Him down and laid Him in the tomb of Joseph, and rolled a large, round, flat stone, about eight or ten inches thick, before the door of the cave, which was hewn out of rock.

After the entrance to the tomb was closed by the stone rolled before it, cement was put around the edge of the stone,

and, while soft, was stamped with Pilate's seal, so that if the stone were rolled away it would be detected. There, in the tomb of Joseph, was reposing the Seed which in three days would spring up, and, as a result, millions of souls would bloom eternally in the Paradise of God.

The burial of the body of Christ being accomplished, the disciples and the women sorrowfully retired to their homes. The next day was the Sabbath. No doubt they longed to go to the tomb and see the body of Jesus. But they did not do as many people do now—take only the Lord's day in which to visit the cemetery. They regarded the Sabbath, and remained away. So we will put upon the board the words, SABBATH REGARDED. There is always a blessing in observing the Lord's day.

Suppose one of the women had said, "I cannot stay away any longer; I must go to the tomb of Jesus and see His body." If she had gone, and the tomb had been opened for her, what would she have found? A dead body. But she kept the Sabbath, and the next day she found a living Saviour.

Here is a small bottle containing some liquid. Will one of you come here and smell of it? What do we call it? Yes, perfume. I will put some of it upon this handkerchief, and pass it around, so that you all may smell its sweetness. Why do we put perfume upon our handkerchiefs? It gives them a sweet and pleasant odor.

The first day of the week, Sunday, arrived; and early in the morning, if you had been there, you could have seen some women, having something in their hands, going toward the tomb. They were going to the tomb of Jesus with sweet spices, which they wanted to wind in the linen about His body, to preserve it and to give it a pleasant odor.

They had labored long to prepare these. Did it not show

that they loved Him, when they went to so much pains to prepare spices with which to embalm His body? Undoubtedly they were poor and had little money with which to buy them. Their love for Him made them glad to do all this.

But would they have brought the spices if they had believed that He was going to rise from the tomb that morning? No; they would not have spent so much time and money for naught. They would have said, "He will be alive and out of the tomb again to-morrow morning. He does not need any spices." But they did not believe the words that Jesus had spoken about His rising from the dead the third day. Although they loved Him, they could not understand how it was possible for Him to live again.

So we will write, SPICES READY. The spices show that they were not believing the word of Christ. Many times we show, not only by our talk, but by our acts, that we do not believe Him. We pray for something, and then go on as if we did not think that God heard.

One time there lived a woman, in Germany, who was the Countess of Hanover. She did not believe the Bible, nor that there is any resurrection. Before she died she gave orders that her grave should be covered with a granite slab, fastened with irons; and upon the stone she had chiseled, "This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Everything in human power was done to keep the grave from being opened. But a little seed fell into a crevice of the stones, and began to grow. The little roots made their way into the slab, and as they grew their expansion lifted the heavy stones and pulled them apart. So the grave was laid open as by a miracle, and a large tree is growing there to-day. It is not in human power to keep the grave closed. God can teach us that by even a little seed.

When the women reached the tomb and saw the angel, they learned that the Saviour had risen; and we will write upon the board, SAVIOUR RISEN.

How astonished and delighted they were to know that He was alive and well! You remember about Lazarus having been dead four days. His sisters, Mary and Martha, thought it utterly impossible for them to see him again in this world. But Jesus called with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth," and he arose and came out of the tomb.

Here is a silver cup. I will tell you a story about such a cup which will illustrate the resurrection. One time the famous scientist, Faraday, had some strong acid in a glass jar, and one of his assistants knocked from a shelf a silver cup like this, and it fell into the acid. Soon it disappeared, the acid having eaten it up.

If you had gone and looked into that acid, which was as clear as water, you could have seen nothing. The man who owned the cup was greatly disappointed, because it was a gift, and he prized it highly, and it was gone. Faraday was sorry for him, but told him not to worry, for he would restore his cup to him.

He took some salt and threw it into the jar, and a thick cloud appeared in the acid. This was filtered out, and put into a furnace, and melted, and out came a large piece of silver. This was sent to a silversmith, who made it into a cup precisely like the other. He also engraved the man's

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name upon it. You can imagine the man's surprise when Faraday handed him his cup again. So the cup, which he thought was lost forever, was brought back brighter than before. It was the same silver, the same shape, and all.

Many times we lay a loved one's body in the grave, and it is left there until it entirely disappears; and we wonder if the body of the loved one will ever come out of the grave. We cannot understand how it is possible for the little brother or sister whom we have buried to live again by and by. But if a scientist could bring back a silver cup which had entirely disappeared, how much more can God, the Creator, bring the bodies of our loved ones to life!

Mrs. Gattey, in her "Parables from Nature," gives a good illustration of the resurrection: "'Let me hire you for a nurse for my poor babies,' said a butterfly to a green caterpillar, as it crawled along a cabbage-leaf. 'See those little eggs,' continued the butterfly. 'I do not know how long it will be before they will come to life. I feel sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my poor butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild green caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, caterpillar. They cannot live on your rough, coarse food. You must give them early dew and honey from the flowers, and let them fly about only a little way at first. Dear me! it is a sad pity that you yourself cannot fly. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope.

"'Dear, dear! I cannot think what made me lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf. What a place for young butterflies to be born in! Still, you will be kind to the poor little ones, will you not? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how poorly I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food?' With these words the butterfly drooped her wings and died. The green caterpillar, who had not had

an opportunity to say even yes or no to her requests, was left suddenly alone by the side of the butterfly's eggs.

"'A bright nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady,' exclaimed the caterpillar, 'and pretty business I have on my hands. Why, her senses must have left her, or she would never have asked a poor, crawling caterpillar to bring up her dainty little ones. Much they will mind my telling them, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and go flying away out of my sight whenever they choose.'

"The caterpillar sighed in great distress for some one to cheer her and tell her what she could do with these little butterfly children. Just then she heard the song of a lark, and she fancied, because he went up so high that no one knew where he went, he must be very clever and know a great deal. So she asked the lark before he soared away one day if he would find out what was the best thing she could do. He promised that he would.

"At last the lark's voice began to be heard again. The caterpillar almost jumped for joy. 'News, news, glorious news, friend caterpillar,' said the lark; 'but the worst of it is that you will not believe me.' 'I believe everything I am told,' said the caterpillar, hastily. 'Well, the news I have to tell you is about what the little ones are to eat. Guess what it is.' 'Dew and honey out of the flowers, I am afraid,' said the caterpillar. 'No, no, old lady. You are to feed them on cabbage-leaves.' 'Never,' said the caterpillar, indignantly. 'It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing.'

"'You will not believe me about the food, and yet that is but the beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, caterpillar, what do you think these little eggs will turn out to be?' 'Butterflies, to be sure,' said the caterpillar. 'Caterpillars,' sang the lark, 'you will find out in time;' and away he flew.

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"This greatly disgusted and disappointed the caterpillar; but soon the lark came back and said, 'I will tell you something else, for the best of my news remains. You will one day be a butterfly yourself.' 'Wretched bird,' exclaimed the caterpillar, 'you jest with my ignorance. If you are cruel as well as foolish, I will ask your advice no more.'

"The poor caterpillar could not believe it to be possible. At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked around. Eight or ten green little caterpillars were creeping about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the eggs. The caterpillar felt shame and amazement. But as the first part came true, the second must also.

"'Teach me your lesson,' said the caterpillar to the lark; and the lark sang to her of the wonders of the green earth below and of the heaven above; and the caterpillar talked of it the rest of her life. At last, when the time came for her to go into her chrysalis grave, she said, 'I shall be a butterfly some day.' Her relations thought that her head was wandering, and told her so. But it was true; she became a butterfly. Long afterward, when about to die, she said, 'I have known many wonders, and I can trust now for what will come next.'"

Christ rose from the dead that we might rise—not only that our bodies might rise from the grave at the resurrection, but that we may live a truly risen life now.

A little girl by the name of Lilias went to attend an Easter service, and took some flowers with her. She felt unhappy because her flowers were not so beautiful as those of others, and her dress was not so fine as many of the other children wore. In the church window she saw one lily, and she thought how beautiful it was. The lily seemed to whisper and say to her, "Well, Lilias, why have you come

here to-day? Why all this rejoicing and these happy faces?"

She thought this a strange question. "It is Easter, the joyous Easter, come to remind us that Christ, our Lord, rose from the dead." "Ah, yes!" the lily seemed to say. "That is a message which even the flowers tell every spring. But I would ask you, have you risen with Christ?" "Risen with Christ?" repeated Lilias. "I do not understand; it is the dead who are to rise." Then the lily said to her, "Easter day brings a message to the living: 'If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.' Therefore," continued the lily, in its dream-like voice, "I will show you what has always seemed to me the real meaning of Easter joy."

And little Lilias seemed to float out, in her imagination, through the window and far into the sky, over the mountains, and she seemed to look down upon a strange land, that but a few years before was in the deep sleep of sin; but the light of God's truth dawned upon it; it awakened from the dead. It has risen with Christ, and seeks those things which are above. On and on Lilias flitted, guided by the sweet, pure lily at her side.

At last she seemed to look down upon countless hearts and homes, all rejoicing in the Easter gladness; and the lily whispered, "All these were once dead—dead in trespasses and in sins. But now they are alive, risen with Christ."

Finally, where were they? or was she only dreaming? She seemed to hover over her own home, and from the gate there came forth on the Easter morning a little girl with joyless, cloudy face. With vexed feeling, she was holding some flowers to take to the service. Lilias saw herself. And the lily seemed to say, "That little girl is gathering with the happy hearts this glad Easter morning, as they sing, 'Christ is risen from the dead.' Has she, too, risen with Him?"

Lilias saw that this little conversation and experience all came from her thoughts. Perhaps it was Christ Himself speaking to her heart and asking her if she were risen. Perhaps, upon this Easter day, the same voice is whispering to your heart, asking you if you are risen with Him.

A Christian young man by the name of William Tennant lived in New Jersey. While in a trance there was granted to him a foretaste of the glories of the resurrection life beyond.

He was ill and seemed to die. After waiting the proper length of time his friends made preparations for his burial. He seemed to be dead, but a friend urged them to wait; so the funeral was postponed. After three days the young man opened his eyes and finally recovered.

When he was well he said, "It seemed to me that I had gone to heaven, and I saw the most beautiful sights of which it is possible to conceive." While he was beholding the glory of the Lord one said to him, very kindly, "You must go back." He said, "These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried, 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw that I was in the world again I fainted, then came to, and fainted several times."

He felt sorry that he had to come back to live in this world. The same power which brought Lazarus back from the dead, and restored William Tennant, raised Christ from the dead, and will one day raise each of you boys and girls, and all your loved ones, from the dead.

But that you may take part in the resurrection of the blessed you must be risen with Christ here; that is, you must receive Him into your heart, and He will impart to you the risen life, for which He was crucified and rose again on the glad Easter morning long ago. Receive Him and this new life now.

TROUBLES

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."—John xvi. 33.

UNLESS you have been often upon a farm, you will not be able to tell me what this is which I hold in my hands. It is a flail.* Bundles of grain are laid upon the barn floor, with the grain heads all in a row. Then the farmer swings the flail about his head and strikes the heads of grain with the thick, heavy part, using the other as a handle.

Thus he continues to rain the blows upon the grain for some time. Then he turns the bundles over and gives the other side the same threshing; and then he unties the bands from the bundles and spreads out the grain, and beats the inside as he did the outside, until he has gone over every head of grain.

If the poor grain heads could talk, I imagine they would say, "Oh dear, you will beat the life out of us! What have we done, pray, to receive such cruel treatment? You do not treat the stalks as you do us. Why do you have so little regard for us?" The farmer might answer, "It is because I have so much regard for you that I treat you as I do. I do not thresh the stalks of the grain because they

* A flail is made by tying together two sticks, one the length and size of a broom handle, and the other two thirds as long and two or three inches thick.

are almost valueless to me. I will not harm you, although I grant that I am obliged to seem severe. I am only separating the wheat which is within you from the chaff. When this is accomplished, how beautiful will the golden wheat look, gathered into my granary, freed from all impurities! Therefore be patient a little longer."

Many times God seems to treat His children somewhat as the farmer does his grain. Christ tells us that in the world we shall have tribulation, and tribulation comes from the word *tribulum*, which means a threshing instrument. Then in the world we may expect to be handled much as the thresher uses his grain.

But let us not fear, for God is our Father, and He is not less merciful than the farmer is to his wheat. Perhaps the *tribulum* being used upon us is only to separate the wheat from the chaff in our lives.

Our lesson is concerning TROUBLES, and the first thing which we will consider is that they HURT. Sometimes boys and girls, while at play, stick a sliver into their hand. Then the father takes a needle and goes to thrust it into the hand. This the child dreads, for it hurts, and he is not old enough to know that it needs to be done.

There are little insects in Servia and Hungary called Golubacser flies. They are something like mosquitos, and make their appearance in summer. They come in such numbers that they look like volumes of smoke. They bite all kinds of animals, and even the ox is not able to withstand the effects of their bite, and dies in two hours.

These little insects kill the animal not so much because of the powerful nature of their poison or its quantity, but they swarm all over the poor animal, and it tries in vain to drive them off, and soon dies from exhaustion.

In a similar manner the little gadfly worries the life out of

the poor sheep, and even at sight of the insect sheep feel the greatest terror. They run together and put their noses into the dust to get away from their foe.

The troubles and misfortunes which befall us are much like these little insects; they worry our lives and often prove the means of sickness and death.

The next thing which we will consider about troubles is WHY they come. We do not understand the reason for them. In this we are much like the poor heads of wheat. They cannot tell why they seem so cruelly treated. Every boy and girl has his or her troubles, which, like little insects, buzz about them.

Young Joseph must have felt it so hard to be put down into a pit, and then sold into bondage to the Egyptians, and to be separated from his father. He probably cried many times over his troubles.

When the youthful David was being pursued by jealous King Saul he thought that it was a severe hardship, and he could not understand why it was that God permitted the wicked king to harass him.

Our troubles are much like the snow. When we see the storm brewing and the snow blowing, we think how cold it is to fall upon the grass, shrubbery, and tender grain. They are covered from our view, and when we put our hands into the snow it is so cold that we cannot help thinking that it will freeze the vegetation. How can snow and ice do anything but freeze the things upon which they lie for so many months? But the fact is, snow and ice are God's blanket, with which He tenderly covers the earth to protect the life upon it. If it were not for this covering the cold would penetrate the earth so deeply that all living things would perish.

People who go down the river Rhine are often surprised

to see in one part of the river the sun upon the right side of the steamer, when, a few moments before, it was upon the left. This is because the windings at that part of the river are so great that the steamer, which for several hours has been going north, in a few moments goes south. This change of the boat is not noticed by the passengers, and hence it seems to them as if the sun had changed, when in reality he shines steadily on in the same place. The passengers are deceived by their own unobserved change.

It is so with troubles. Before they come upon us we realize that Christ is our loving friend. His numerous blessings bestowed upon us seem to be so many smiles of approval and proofs of His tenderness. Then the clouds begin to gather and troubles fall upon us, and we lose our faith and think that He must have changed in His affection for us. We fail to trust Him, and, as a result, lose our joy and peace. That is, while sailing down the river of life we have unconsciously shifted our course, and, because we see the Sun of righteousness over another shoulder than we saw Him a short time ago, we conclude that He has changed. Hence it is that, when troubles come to us, we are continually wondering why He permits such terrible things to befall us if He loves us.

Our next point is that we DREAD troubles. Yet they are often a blessing in disguise. Here is an oyster-shell; and in this ring, a pearl. The shell is tinted inside with a thin layer of pearl, which was made by the little oyster that lived within it. The oyster also makes the rare and beautiful pearls.

Perhaps he is lying at the bottom of the sea, with his shell over him and with the doors tightly closed. He opens his house just a little for something, and a tiny grain of sand or some other object works its way in and gets between the

oyster and his shell. He is frightened and quickly closes his door; but it is too late, for trouble has now come within his very house. How that little grain of sand worries him! He tries his best to expel it, and when he finds that he cannot do it he weaves around the irritating object a thin layer of pearl like that which lines the shell.

In this manner he transforms his trouble into a beautiful pearl. And long after he has perished his little trouble is worn as the most beautiful of jewels and fit to grace the neck of a queen. The presence of the Holy Spirit in our heart enables us to transform our troubles into precious jewels.

The next thing is that troubles come SUDDENLY. That is the way the object entered the house of the oyster. Troubles often surprise us, and so there is a proverb which says that the unexpected usually happens.

One time a farmer made a good stone-boat, which he highly prized. He had some stone on a high hill which he wished to remove down to the level land. It was in the spring of the year, and snow was upon the hillside. He thought that he would load his boat with the stone and draw it to the edge of the hill, and then let it slide quickly over the snow to the bottom, and thus save time and the labor of his team.

He started the boat properly, but soon it turned in a direction of which he had not thought and ran directly toward a tree in the field. He had only time to exclaim, "Oh, my boat! my boat!" and crash went the boat into the tree. The stones flew over the field and the new boat was ruined.

In a similar manner our hopes are often dashed to pieces. Perhaps we wish to go to a picnic or to a May party for which we have made preparation many days. The morning dawns cloudy. Soon a storm is seen to be brewing. About the hour we expected to go the rain begins to pour down,

and all our anticipated pleasures result in disappointment. But it might have been a serious harm to us, both in body and in soul, if we had gone.

Let us remember that nothing can harm us while we abide in Christ. He says in His Word, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

In Egypt and other countries kings and nobles had buried with them their swords, jewels, and other valuables. Often these things have lain by the side of the dead for thousands of years. When at last the tombs are discovered and opened the contents are placed in museums in glass cases.

There they are spread out, and visitors may look upon those treasures which have been concealed for ages from the eyes of man. Time and the elements have done their work upon them, for the cloth and the leather of which they were composed are so decayed as to have almost entirely disappeared, or are ready to fall to pieces with the least handling.

Perhaps you notice a sword once used by some noble or sovereign. There are but few remnants of the ivory and the steel, and you would not know that they were once a part of a sword were not the pieces laid together as they were found in the tomb. But you notice that, while the rust has eaten the steel so that only some decayed particles remain, the bands of gold are as bright and as perfect as they were the day they were laid away for their long rest.

The same is true of the gold composing ear-rings, bracelets, and other ornaments. While all the iron and steel are destroyed, they are fresh and bright, and seem to say, "We are ready for another three thousand years' test. We have had our trial, but have overcome the destroying elements."

In this world we shall have tribulation, but Christ says, "Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." If we

have Him in our heart, trouble can only destroy the iron and the steel of our character. It cannot touch the pure gold of that life which He has imparted to us. It will stand all the trials of this world, and when at last the dead are raised it will be found as fresh and glorious as ever, while all the sin and evil are destroyed.

ZACCHEUS SEEKING TO SEE JESUS

"And he sought to see Jesus who He was."—Luke xix. 3.

We have here what is called a sand-board. It is a board painted blue, and sandy earth, which has been moistened, is placed upon it. We have formed of the sand a representation of Palestine.

The blue curved space at the left which has no sand upon it represents the Mediterranean Sea; the level portion of sand along the sea is the plain of Sharon, and this high ridge is for the mountains of Judea; and at this point upon the ridge we will place a wooden block to represent Jerusalem. The tin which is cut into so many curves is for the river Jordan, and the large piece of tin represents the Dead Sea, and the small one at the north the sea of Galilee. The little ravine in the sand from Jerusalem toward the Jordan represents the winding road from Jerusalem down to Jericho. We will put a peg to represent Jericho.

The event of which our text is a part occurred near the close of the ministry of Christ. He ceases preaching in Galilee, which is the country to the left of the small sea of the same name, and starts for Jerusalem to the Passover, to His agony in the garden, and to the cross. We will follow Him on the sand-map.

He crosses to the east side of the river and goes down to the fords of the Jordan opposite Jericho. Great multitudes

follow Him, and He heals and teaches them. While on this journey little children are brought to Him, and He takes them up in His arms and blesses them, and utters those beautiful words, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He crosses the river again at the fords of the Jordan, and goes toward Jericho, large crowds of people following Him. When He gets near to the town the interesting event of our lesson occurs.

There was a small man of that village by the name of Zaccheus. He was a publican, or tax-gatherer, and the people of that profession were usually dishonest, and hence they were considered great sinners. When this man saw the crowd coming toward Jericho, and heard that the wonderful teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, was the cause of the multitude, he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore-tree which stood by the side of the road; and we will stand this little bush in the sand near Jericho, and put this little stick into the bush to represent Zaccheus in the tree.

Perhaps he said to himself when safe in the tree, "Now I can see Him, and no one will suspect my being here." The crowd comes on, and when they are just under the tree how eagerly Zaccheus looks out from between the branches! He is surprised to see that Jesus and all the people stop under the very tree in which he is, and he is still more astonished to see Jesus look up into the tree and hear Him speak his name and say, "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."

With a glad heart he quickly climbs down the tree. Now the people are surprised, for they say, "That He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner."

The lesson which we have taught in this story is, THE LOST SEEING, SEEKING JESUS; and so into the sand

near the tree we will stand this stick, with a card fastened upon it, having those words printed upon it, one below the

other.* He was anxious to see Jesus, or he would not have climbed the tree that day. How glad he must have been to see the Saviour!

One time there was a minister with a party of friends in the Alps in Switzerland. Darkness came upon them and they lost their path. They had the awful sensation of being lost in the mountains. Their feelings of fear were indescribable; they did not know what to do.

As they stood there, bewildered in the darkness, the clouds parted and they saw one bright star. It furnished sufficient light for them to see the outline of the path, and they followed it and it led them safely out.

Just as the sight of that star saved them, so those who truly see Jesus have light enough from Him to see the path which leads out of the darkness of sin into the Christian life and into the heavenly land. This does not mean seeing Jesus with our eyes, but with our heart. God says, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God"—not simply with the eyes, but with the heart.

* If desired, these can be written upon the board, as in the cut.

Not only was Zaccheus seeing Jesus, but he was really seeking Him, as we learn from his confession when Jesus went to dine with him at his house. He felt that he was a lost man, and that he needed to seek Jesus as his Saviour. And he was not disappointed. No one ever desires to seek Christ, or to see Him as his Saviour, and is disappointed.

One Sunday a Baptist minister in the Southern States was going to church. As he listened he heard the baying of hounds. They came nearer and nearer, and just then a little fawn jumped over the hedge and ran directly toward the minister and fell down trembling and exhausted at his feet. On came the bloodthirsty hounds, and ran directly for the fawn lying at the minister's feet, looking up with its large eyes as much as to say, "Oh, you can help me! Save me from these awful hounds." The minister's heart was touched, and he took a club and fought off those hounds for half an hour. He did not reach the preaching service in time, for after he had driven the dogs away he put the little fawn upon his shoulders and carried it home, where it was safe.

So our sins follow our soul and would destroy it. Like dogs they encompass us; but when we flee unto Christ, all trembling and exhausted, and cry unto Him, "O my Strength, haste Thee to help me. Deliver my soul from the sword; my only one from the power of the dog," He will protect us. He will never give us over to the hounds of sin, but will fight them off Himself, and take us up into His arms and carry us safely to His heavenly home.

Read the words upon the card upward, and you will notice that they say, JESUS SEEKING, SEEING THE LOST. Zaccheus desired to see Jesus because Jesus first desired to see him. We seek Him because He first seeks us. He tells us that as a shepherd who misses his lost sheep goes and

searches for it until he finds it, so He seeks us when we wander away from Him.

Here is the story of how a wife sought her husband upon a battle-field. She wrote home to her friends and said: "My dear husband lies beside me, wounded unto death. I have lost all hope of saving him, although I thank God for the privilege of being this moment beside him.

"On the morning of the 3d of the month the battle began. I saw my husband for only a moment in the morning. He bade me good-by hurriedly, saying, as he tore himself away, 'Pray for me, my dear wife, and if I fall God protect you.' There was something in his look that struck a chill to my heart. Soon I learned that his company were engaged. After that my agony was intolerable.

"Finally night set in and put an end to the conflict. I could get no intelligence of my husband. I could not bear the suspense. Dark as it was and hopeless as it seemed to search for him then, I started out for the battle-field. All night I searched.

"I could not find him that night, but just after sunrise I came to a little clump of timber where a horse had fallen, his body half covering a man. His face was to the ground, but as I stooped to look closer I perceived a slight movement of the body and heard a moan. I stooped and turned the face upward. The head and face were both covered with blood, but when I turned it to the light I knew it.

"Oh, the agony of that moment sickened me almost to suffocation. With a strength that I thought impossible for me I drew him, crushed and bleeding, out from beneath our poor old horse, that we had both loved and petted, and, dipping my handkerchief into a little pool of water, bathed his face. He was utterly senseless, and there was a dreadful wound in his head. I bore him away to the hospital and

have nursed him ever since. He has not opened his eyes to look at me, or spoken to me since he fell."

What a terrible night it was for the poor woman, and how she suffered when she found her husband in that sad condition, all unconscious! The love which led her out into the darkness to seek him among the dead and dying was like the love of Jesus, which brought Him to this world to seek us upon the battle-field of life. It cost Him the agony of the garden and the suffering upon the cross.

He now seeks the lost one; He is seeking you. You may not know it any more than the poor dying husband knew his wife; but He is bending over you in the same loving, tender way, and He wants you to look up into His face and love Him. It is sweet to see and to seek Jesus, but it is a greater comfort to know that He is seeing and seeking us. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." That means you; and you should not refuse to be found by Him.

In a meeting for Jews in New York an old lady went up to a young man who was speaking, and, with tears streaming down her face, exclaimed, "How like my boy you are!" Then she told how her son had heard of Jesus of Nazareth, and believed Him to be the true Messiah and King. She abused her boy shamefully, and at last drove him out of the house and told him never to come home again. He left home, and after a time she was sorry that she had driven him away, and started out to find him. She sought him in many countries, but could not find him. She visited all the missions for the Jews of which she heard.

While thus seeking her son she found the Saviour. She at last came to America and went into this meeting. She said, "Oh, how I want to find my boy—not to be cruel to him, but to tell him that his Saviour is my Saviour!" So

sometimes we turn Christ away from our heart when He comes to do us good. We refuse to welcome Him, but when He is gone, perhaps forever, we may seek Him and not find Him. If you feel that you ought to love and serve Him you should accept Him as your Saviour now.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH

"By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days."—Heb. xi. 30.

HERE, you see, I have some bricks arranged upon the table in the form of a square. It is to represent an ancient city wall.* Here is a little opening at the bottom. It is covered with a piece of dark pasteboard to make it look something like an iron gate. You see the wall is a foot high and is firm, for the bricks are laid so as to mismatch, or to break joints, as masons would say.

Now what would you think if I should take this tin horn and begin to blow upon it for the purpose of causing the wall to fall? It is not the way we take to break down walls, is it? Armies now would fire great iron cannon-balls against them. In olden times large, heavy beams, called battering-rams, were suspended, and then swung back and forth against the wall by a large number of men; this was continued until the wall was broken.

But there was one time when the walls of a city fell, and no means were used other than the blowing of horns and shouts. Our text refers to this event.

When Joshua and the army of Israel entered the land of Canaan they crossed the river Jordan opposite Jericho. This was a walled city, and when the children of Israel saw it they must have wondered how they would ever possess it, since

* Blocks will answer as well.

they had such limited means of warfare. It was doubtless accomplished in a way far different from what they expected, and with much more ease.

Joshua did not tell them to prepare battering-rams and begin a siege. According to God's direction they marched around the city once a day for six days, and on the seventh day they encompassed it seven times. When they had gone around it the seventh time they all stood still, and while the priests blew their horns the people shouted. A mighty crash was heard all around the city. People within it looked out of their windows and saw that suddenly the walls had fallen flat and that the city was captured.

What an easy victory that was! Our text says, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down;" so we will write upon the board, FAITH OVERCOMES. Faith in God made the children of Israel victors, and it enables us to conquer. It overcomes WANT; and we will write that word.

One time there was a Christian captain lying upon the battle-field terribly wounded. He could not live. The rain was falling about him, and a little pool formed under his elbow, but he could not get to it. He said, "I never felt so much the loss of any earthly blessing; I was so thirsty. By and by the night fell, and the stars shone out clear and beautiful over that dark battle-field, and I began to think of the great God who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was up there, up above the scene of suffering and above the glorious stars. I felt that I ought to praise God, even though wounded on the battle-field. I began to sing that beautiful hymn:

"'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

"It was a great comfort to me. There was a Christian brother in the bush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain, and one after another caught it up all over the terrible battle-field of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God." You see how faith in Christ comforted the heart of the wounded soldier until he forgot his thirst for water.

Faith also keeps us from ANXIETY; and we will write that word. We often become so anxious, because of sickness and other troubles, that it seems as if a heavy weight were resting upon our heart and that we would sink under it. But trust in Christ can cause even a sinking one to rise. It made Peter so buoyant that he could walk upon the water, and he sank only as he began to doubt.

A vessel by the name of *Glenola* sank in the New York Bay. They did not try to raise her by pumping the water out; that would be impossible; but they put large canvas sacks in the vessel, and then pumped them full of air, and she quickly arose to the surface of the water.

So, when for any cause anxiety sinks us down into despair, we cannot rise by resolving that we will cast the load out of our heart, but it is by the coming in of the Holy Spirit; and He imparts to us such trust in Christ that we immediately rise above all our cares and anxieties.

Another thing that faith overcomes is LYING; and we will write that word. Telling falsehoods may not seem to be a serious fault, but it will certainly end in ruin. A manufacturer led a judge through his fine building and showed him the intricate machinery. Afterward the manufacturer took the judge to see the same mills again.

There had been an accident, and the machinery was a hopeless wreck, and two or three workmen had been crushed

in the ruins. As they looked at the ruins the judge said, "That machinery was so fine and massive I thought it would last an age." "Yes," said the owner; "but there was a flaw in it—a slight flaw the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years; but the flaw was there, and has done its terrible work at last."

Just as that flaw ruined the machinery, so lying is a flaw in the character which will ruin the soul; but trust in Christ will overcome it.

Faith will also overcome LIQUOR; and we will write that word. Many people have come so entirely under the influence of the liquor habit that it seems impossible for them to reform.

One morning Mrs. Linton was discouraged and hopeless. Several years before her husband had brought home a bottle of liquor, and said, as he poured its contents into a glass, "Dr. Brown thinks if I take a drink of this every morning after breakfast it will tone me up and make a new man of me." So each morning he took a drink, increasing the amount daily.

This worried Mrs. Linton. How eagerly little Dick watched his father as he took his morning drink! and occasionally he would drain the few drops remaining in the glass.

One morning the mother went into the room and found that Dick had poured out some of the liquor into a dish and was dipping spoonful after spoonful into his eager mouth. She cried in anguish and despair, "O God, do not add this sorrow to my already breaking heart!" It was a fervent prayer and soon to be answered; for just then some men were bringing something into the house, and it did not take long to conclude what it was. Mr. Linton was a carpenter, and had fallen from the roof of a building because of having

taken too much drink. There were bruises and broken limbs, but his life was spared.

After weeks of suffering the prayer of the wife was answered; for, as she and the children stood by the father's side, he humbly confessed his fault and asked God to help him keep the resolutions he had made. The terror of the time made such an impression upon little Dick that he resolved that never should a drop pass his lips again. Nothing but her faith in God saved the family of Mrs. Linton, and only such faith will overcome the terrible liquor habit.

Faith also overcomes SATAN; and we will write that word. If we expect to overcome him by our own ability we are sure to fail, for our strength is no protection from his fiery darts. At one time a soldier who had recently joined the army was surprised and frightened to find that he was in the midst of a battle. The shells were falling all about him and he wanted some protection. He saw a large drum lying upon the ground, and ran and hid behind it. He did not seem to realize that the first bullet that came would easily pierce that; and so he sat, feeling perfectly secure, not knowing his danger.

That is the way with boys and girls who merely resolve that they are going to do right and overcome the temptations of Satan; but they are no more safe while trusting to their own skill than the soldier was hiding behind the drum.

All our sufficiency and grace come from trusting Christ. One day Dr. Pentecost was sending his fifteen-year-old daughter away to school. She was all excitement, and exclaimed, "Papa, have I got my trunk checked?" "Yes, dear; you will find the check in your pocket-book." "And have you my ticket?" she inquired. "Oh yes; you will find all in your pocket-book." "But, papa, I need money." "It

is in your pocket-book also. You will find in it a time-table, directions for your journey, tickets, money, and everything you require."

The love of her father had provided all. So our heavenly Father, in His infinite love, supplies all our needs in His only Son, Jesus Christ, and by faith in Him we may overcome every difficulty.

The first letters of the words which we have upon the board form the word WALLS. Each one of the things which we have considered is a walled Jericho, which we must assault

and defeat, or suffer ruin ourselves. To accomplish this is a far greater task than the Israelites had when they marched out of the bed of the Jordan to destroy Jericho.

These walls are not composed of brick and mortar; they all have to do with our soul. But the Bible says that he is better "that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And these that we have mentioned are by no means all the walls which confront us in our march to take possession of the heavenly Canaan which has been freely given to us of God.

Our battering-rams are toys, our strength is weakness, and our wisdom is folly when confronted by the massive walls

which Satan throws across our path to impede our progress to that heavenly inheritance. But as Joshua and the people broke down the walls of Jericho by faith in God, so our trust in Him will overcome all these walls; for every hindrance must fall before faith in Christ. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

REFUGES

"Appoint out for you cities of refuge."—Josh. xx. 2.

HERE is a small bird's nest. Suppose the little birds which inhabited it were flying about, and saw the sun sink in the west and dark clouds rising and a cold storm approaching; what do you think they would do? Would they fly to a tree and hide under its branches, or would they hasten to their little home nest? Undoubtedly they would hurry here, and if they had little ones to care for would cover them with their feathers.

Then, when the wind blew and the rain fell, the infant birds would nestle warm and dry beneath their parents' wings in their comfortable little home. If they could talk they would probably say, "How thankful we are that we have such a snug refuge from the cold rain! We have so few feathers to protect us that we would perish in a few moments if we had no shelter to-night."

They would feel somewhat as do boys and girls upon a cold, stormy winter night when the wind whistles about the house and the snow is blowing in every direction. They look out of the window, and are unable to see more than a few yards because of the storm. Within the family are seated about a warm fire and they are surrounded by every comfort. At such a time the home makes us feel so secure, and we are grateful for its shelter.

Everything in nature has its place of security from storms and dangers. The birds have their nests and the foxes have holes; frogs leap into the sea and squirrels hide in a hollow tree; sheep hasten to their fold and the horses and cows are brought into the farm barn.

All these places of safety are like the cities of refuge mentioned in our text. In olden times if one killed another, whether by accident or otherwise, the relatives of the one killed considered that they were under obligation to slay the one who did the deed. Then the friends of the second one slain felt bound by their honor to put to death the murderers of their friend.

This system of blood revenge sometimes resulted in the destruction of whole families. The same practices prevail now among the Bedouin Arabs, who travel with their herds through Arabia. In order that the shedding of so much blood might be prevented and that those who through accident killed others might be protected until they could have a fair trial, God commanded that six cities of refuge should be appointed in different parts of Palestine.

When one killed another unawares he could flee to the nearest of these cities, where he would be safe from the avenger of blood. Probably on many occasions the one hastening toward a city has had just time to reach the gate and escape the sword of the pursuing avenger as friendly hands drew him inside.

The bird's nest and our homes, the hiding-places of animals and the cities of refuge, are pictures or types of the covert which God has provided in Christ for our souls; and so we will write upon the board the words, A REFUGE.

These cities were to be a refuge from sorrow; because if one should be overtaken by the avenger he would be slain, and perhaps unjustly, which would cause sorrow to his friends

and family; hence we will write the word SORROW upon the board. There are no sorrows from which God's refuge does not shield us.

One of the banks in the city of Denver was in danger of failing. A line of men and women stretched for more than a block. All were anxious for their money. Some of the women were crying, for the bank might close its doors at any moment and they would lose their money.

One man had stood in line since five o'clock in the morning, and was near the window where the depositors were being paid. In a few minutes more he would have his money. He felt some one pulling at his coat, and, looking around, recognized a fellow-workman. "Ah, Jim, that you? Did not know that you were about." "Just came to town last night. Will the bank hold out?" "I hope it will till I get my money. I have two hundred in there." "We have three hundred and fifty dollars." "Why don't you get in line then?" "There is no show. The line goes clear around to B. Street, and my rheumatism cuts like a knife. I could not stand in line half an hour."

His wife was by his side crying, the baby in her arms. The man moved up one more step, and then called softly to his friend, "Jim, here! Come into my place." "I won't do it; it isn't fair." The generous offer touched his heart, and tears came into his eyes. "It's all right, old boy. You have got Mary and the babies, and, don't you see, I have neither wife nor chick in the world. Come, man! I'm strong, and it's little that you can do. Creep in here." And he pulled his friend into his place, while he went and stood at the end of the line.

In an hour the bank suspended payment. Scores were unable to get their money, and among them the noble soul who sacrificed his that he might shield his friend from sorrow. This is like Christ, who drew us into His place, while He

stepped into ours and took upon Himself all the consequences of our failures; for "surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

A poor woman whose mind was demented came to her pastor with her hands full of wet sand from the sea-shore. "Do you see it?" she said. "Oh, my sins are as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude!" "Yes," said the minister; "but go back to the sea-shore; dig deep; pile the sand up high and wait till the tide rolls in." She did as he said, and by and by the waves came in higher and higher, until, to her delight, they washed away the whole mound.

Just so the blood of Christ washes away our sins. And hence He is the refuge from the sorrow of sin and impenitence. We will write upon the board the word IMPENITENCE. When we take refuge in Him we feel like repenting of all our sins, and have a desire to come to God.

There is a strange superstitious belief held by the people who live in the Kerry Hills, Ireland. It is that the tired traveler in the mountains is sometimes met by a black horse called Poonah, which comes gently to his side, whinnying as if coaxing him to mount. If, however footsore and weary, he is tempted to bestride it, his doom is sealed. It starts off

at a furious pace across bog and rocks toward the sea. No force can drag the rider from his seat. He is held there as with hooks of steel, and there remains until the steed has sunk with him beneath the waves.

This is not a true story, but there are many Poonahs more terrible than this fairy steed waiting for boys and girls by the path of life. Woe to those who mount them! Impenitence for sin is one of them. Do not let it carry you into the sea of destruction.

The Holy Spirit whispers His reproof to our heart for our sins, and we should not turn away from Him, for "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Christ is our refuge from impenitence; for He comes to us in such love and tenderness that our hard heart is softened, and we turn away from our sins and find safety in Him.

Another thing from which Christ is a refuge is NETS. You know what they are for. People use them to catch fish, also to ensnare birds. There are many kinds of nets. Satan has his and is endeavoring to entrap boys and girls in them. Christ is a refuge from these snares.

Emil went every Sunday to a mission-school. He was a boot-black and worked at the railroad station. He said to his companion, Joe, "I gives 'em a good shine now, because our teacher says that's being a Christian." Joe thought that blacking shoes had nothing to do with being a Christian. Soon a man came up, and Emil set to work and blacked his shoes. After the man had departed he saw something lying on the ground, and picked it up. It was a pocket-book. Something seemed to say, "No one saw you pick it up; you do not know who owns it." This was Satan trying to entrap him. But the voice of God kept whispering to Emil's soul, "Somebody lost it; it is not yours."

Presently he darted over to the ticket office, and, holding it out to the man who sold tickets, said, "Mister, here is somebody's pocket-book. I found it; please advertise it." How light was Emil's heart when he went home that night! He had not many nickels, but Christ had been his refuge from Satan's net, and he was happy.

Here is the story of one who did not escape Satan's snare. His name was Joe Stoker; he was a railroad brakeman. He always drank, but never became intoxicated. "I am very temperate in eating, drinking, and smoking; no one ever saw me drunk." He said to his friends, "I will turn out all right; don't you worry." One cold wintry day he grumbled considerably at the weather and drank more than usual. His friends had frequently warned him that he had better look out or he would be caught some day. "Thank you; I am all right. Don't you worry," he would respond.

That evening there was a heavy snow-storm and the train was late. He kept drinking from his bottle. Between two stations the engine broke down. An express-train was due in a few minutes, and the conductor told him to hurry to the rear of the train with a red lantern. But Joe was in no haste and did not go at once. He took another sip from the flat bottle to keep the cold out. He had not gone ten paces when he heard the express coming. Now he ran for the curve, but it was too late! A terrible accident occurred and many were killed.

The next day he was found in a barn, insane, swinging an empty lantern in front of an imaginary train, and crying, "Oh, that I had!" He was removed to an asylum, for this is a true story; and no sadder sound is heard in that place than, "Oh, that I had! Oh, that I had!" See how Satan caught him in his net. If he had only taken refuge in Christ he would have been saved from that sadness.

Notice that the first letters of the words which we have upon the board form the word SIN. It is sin which ruins us, and from its effects God has provided a refuge. Whether they be few or many, great or small, our only safety is in Christ.

One Sunday a Sunday-school teacher said to her class of little children, "Would you like to come and have tea with me on Saturday afternoon?" Every face was lighted up with joy, for they knew what tea at the big house meant. "Very well," continued the lady; "I shall be glad to see you all at my house on Saturday. There is one condition: you must all come with perfectly clean pinafores; if there be one speck upon a pinafore the child with it cannot be admitted."

Saturday afternoon came, and the thirteen little ones, all arrayed in spotless pinafores, started on their walk of two miles to the big house. On the road they passed a place where there were some fine blackberries, and two little fellows, unable to pass the enticing fruit, climbed up and picked some. They secured them quite safely, and were busy eating them when their sister came to look for them, and, noticing what they had, she said, "What! you will soil your pinafores." But her warning came too late; for on looking down she saw that a berry had dropped upon the pinafore of one of them and had left a spot.

The unfortunate little boy thought that if he kept his hand on the mark it might not be noticed; but as they were going in, the man at the door saw, from the child's guilty appearance, that he was hiding something. "What is that you have there?" And the spot was discovered.

That afternoon, while twelve children were enjoying themselves, one little fellow with tear-stained face was slowly returning to the village. After tea the teacher said, "Do you know why I seemed so harsh to-day? It was to teach you

a lesson. Some day you will stand before God, and if you have a single spot on your soul you will never enter heaven."

If you have sinned, even once, you need a refuge. One error would bar your soul out of heaven as certainly as the single spot deprived the boy of the feast. But you may be purified from every stain, for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

CHILDREN IN THE MARKET-PLACE

"They are like unto children sitting in the market-place."—Luke vii. 32.

HERE is a flute. This instrument makes sweet music when well played. There is a little instrument something like it upon which the boys in Palestine play. Theirs have finger-holes where the notes are formed similar to this, but they differ from it in that they have two tubes tied together, and the music is produced by blowing into the end, and not at the side as on this. They sound a little like the bagpipe. Shepherds watching their flocks in the fields can be heard playing on them, and also the boys in the towns while at play.

In the time of Christ children loved to play as well as they do to-day. As boys now dress like soldiers and, with flag and music, march through the streets, so they would imitate in the market-place the music and dancing of older persons.

Will you tell me what this is? Yes; it is a mourner's veil. When we see people wearing such veils we know that some of their friends have died. Here is a small object which you will not be able to name. It is called a mourner's bowl. It was brought from Jericho. When I blow upon it, something as we blow into a bottle, you notice that it produces a rather mournful tone.* In those days some people were professional mourners, and wept and wailed upon funeral occasions. When going to the grave they marched along weeping and

* Blowing upon a bottle will answer.

blowing upon these mourning bowls. Boys and girls in their play would imitate this also.

Jesus says in our lesson that the people to whom He came were like these playing children; when they piped on their instruments nobody heeded them and would not laugh or dance. And when in their sport they imitated mourners and wailed, no one would weep or feel sad. He explains His meaning by saying that God had sent John the Baptist to preach to the people. He was a man dressed in the skins of animals, and ate locusts and wild honey. He lived a strange life apart from others.

Some went to hear him and repented of their sins when they heard him preach; but most of the people refused to obey him, and were displeased with his preaching, and said that he had a devil. And then God sent His Son to the same nation. He lived among them, visited in their homes, and ate with them at the table the same as others, caressed their little children, and attended their wedding-feasts; but they did not receive Him any more than they had John the Baptist. They said that He was a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. They refused to receive any one whom God sent.

The strange, stern man, John the Baptist, could not please them, and Jesus likewise failed to satisfy them. As people were indifferent to the piping and mourning of children at play, and neither laughed nor cried, so they utterly ignored God and His messengers.

But the Saviour spoke highly of John the Baptist, and said that he was one of the best men who ever lived; and so we will write upon the board, one above the other, the words, CHRIST COMMENDS THE CHRISTIAN. He not only commended John the Baptist, but does all others who love and serve Him. He praised the poor woman who put her only mite into the Lord's treasury; He approved of Mary,

who broke the alabaster box of precious ointment upon His feet; and He says that if we give a cup of cold water only in His name we shall in no wise lose our reward. For any kind word you speak for Him He will compensate you before the Father and the holy angels.

And if you love and obey Him now, by and by He will say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink." You will not know just what He means, because you will not remember that you ever saw Jesus Himself and gave Him anything. And then He will say unto you that, inasmuch as you gave any little thing to any one because he loved Christ, you did it unto Him.

Christ not only praises us for living right lives and for the good deeds we perform, but His death upon the cross and the nail-prints in His hands speak continually to God in our behalf.

Once, among the old Greeks, there was a man named Æschylus. He had been condemned to death and was being led out to execution. He had a brother called Amyntas, who had gained many victories for Greece. In one battle he had lost his hand. Just as Æschylus was going forth to die Amyntas entered the court and, without saying a word to the judges, held up his arm which no longer had a hand. When they saw the maimed arm they were reminded of his service and pardoned his brother.

By reading the words downward you will see that they say, THE CHRISTIAN COMMENDS CHRIST. That is, he recommends Jesus to others by his words and by his deeds. That is what John was doing; he was commending the Saviour to others.

People judge Christ by what His followers do. There was a wicked city in Italy by the name of Pompeii. About fifty

years after Christ was crucified the volcano Vesuvius, which was near by, suddenly sent forth ashes and lava, when the people were in their amphitheater watching a fight between gladiators and wild beasts. The gathering quickly dispersed and the inhabitants fled for their lives, but many of them failed to escape and were buried with the city.

Seventeen hundred years after the city was overwhelmed the work of excavating it began. There were found many of the bodies of the people, and among them several sentries who had not deserted their station when the darkness settled about them, the earth trembled under their feet, and showers of ashes began to bury them. During all those centuries their bodies stood by the post which they refused to leave.

The bravery of these men in doing what they considered to be their duty is a commendation of every Roman soldier. Such conduct was an honor to each man who wore that uniform. So by our faithfulness or unfaithfulness we bring honor or dishonor upon Christ and all His children.

Notwithstanding all that Jesus said in favor of John, the people were not pleased with him. Those who are not the children of Christ are not satisfied with anything that He does; and so we will write below the words which we have upon the board the words, CANNOT PLEASE THE SINNER.

Do whatever He may, Christ cannot please sinners. Hence they never truly thank Him from their heart for any of His mercies. Have you not seen boys and girls who would not be contented with anything that was done for them? It is because their heart is not right. And that is the way those who are sinful act toward the Saviour. He died for them, and that does not make them grateful. He warns them of the danger of their being lost forever, and that does not please them. He entreats them to come to Him at once to be saved, and that is not agreeable to them, for they refuse to heed His calls.

One time a daimio, or rich lord in Japan, was riding along the street, and saw a poor beggar lying beside the road, almost naked. He pitied the wretched man, and commanded his servants to take some of his own clothing from his luggage and give the man a suit. The beggar looked at him and was angry, and threw the clothes back at the daimio, and said, "Look at your face. That needs no covering; and neither does my body. It is no worse for my body to be naked than for you to have your face naked." You see, this kindness was not at all pleasing to the beggar.

God beholds us lying in a helpless state, with no protection for our souls, and He comes with the beautiful garment of Jesus' righteousness, and desires to clothe us in it, that He may hide our wickedness and deformity. And sinful ones cast it back into His face and will not have this Jesus cover their sins. For that is what every one does who refuses to accept Christ as his Saviour.

There is the story told of a young man, the son of an old minister, who lived in Tennessee. After the war there was a society formed in the South called the "Kuklux Klan." They committed many terrible crimes. This young man was a member of such an organization, and for some unlawful act was tried, condemned, and sent to Sing Sing prison.

The godly parents were greatly shocked at the conduct of their son, and the mother was in danger of dying of a broken heart as a result of it. The father determined to do what he could to release his son and so save the life of the mother. He went to Washington and obtained an interview with President Grant, and succeeded in persuading him, for the mother's sake, to pardon the boy.

With a glad heart he took the pardon and by the first train started for Sing Sing. He went into the prison and was con-

ducted to his son's cell. He stood before the grated door and for a moment clasped his boy's hand. Then he said, "My son, I have come to take you out of here. Your mother is dying with a broken heart over you. Here is your pardon," and he drew from his pocket the paper which he had obtained from the President.

The young man straightened himself up and said, "Father, I would like to please you and save mother from suffering, but I shall not go; for I have made up my mind not to be under any obligations to this administration." The old father's pleadings were all in vain; and at last, with a sad heart and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he turned wearily away and went home bearing to the mother the news which would crush her.

In a similar manner sinners reject the pardon of Christ. They turn Him away from their heart, and none of His mercies please them.

If you will glance up the line of words on the board you will see that they read, THE SINNER CANNOT PLEASE CHRIST. And this is just as true as that He cannot please them. There are many reasons why sinners cannot please Him. One is because their heart is so full of wickedness

that everything they do has some sin in it. We cannot please God until we yield ourselves to Him. The most acceptable thing which we can perform in His sight is to receive His Son as our Saviour. But as long as we reject Him nothing else which we do can be pleasing to Him.

Here is an illustration which may help to make this clear. Stonewall Jackson was a good Christian man who lived in the Southern States. The South rebelled against the government of the United States and war was the result. This man became a general in the Southern army and fought many battles against the Union; but he was a benevolent and truly religious man.

Suppose he had said to President Lincoln, "You ought to think very highly of me, and be pleased with my conduct, and commend me as setting a good example for all other citizens to follow. I pay all my just obligations and try to do unto others as I would have them do unto me. You should treat me as your friend. Instead of that, you act as if I were a bad man. I have no more consideration from you than thieves and murderers. Your strange conduct toward me is unreasonable."

President Lincoln probably would have answered, "I cannot treat you as a good citizen or as a friend so long as you remain in rebellion against this government. Your religious life and all your good deeds do not count with me while you resist the authority of the United States. Lay down your arms against the government, and then I can approve of you and be on friendly terms with you."

For similar reasons God cannot approve of those who disobey Him and resist the influences of His Holy Spirit. King Saul did not seem to understand this. God told him to go and utterly exterminate the wicked Amalekites. He went and fought against them, and the Lord gave him the victory

over them; but, instead of obeying God's commands, he destroyed only what was worthless, and permitted the remainder to live. When Samuel reproved him for his disobedience he said that he had kept them to offer sacrifices to the Lord. Then Samuel said, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry."

Until we submit our heart in obedience to God He cannot approve of any of our conduct. "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you."

THE CHILD SAMUEL

"And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for Thy servant heareth." —1 Sam. iii. 10.

OUR lesson is about A CHILD; and we will write those words upon the board. His name was Samuel. Can you tell me where he lived? With whom? What did he do in the temple? What did he hear in the night? Whose voice did he think it was? What was he told to do? When called the third time what did he answer? What was told him? What is said about the ears? What are tingling ears? How did he feel about telling Eli in the morning?

Our first lesson concerning this child is that he was LED BY GOD; and we will write those words upon the board. Did you ever see a blind man? How did he travel in an unfamiliar street? Blind people always need some one to lead them in strange places. By nature each one of us is blind. We are not sightless to the things of this world, but to the things of God. If we trust the Spirit of God He will lead us safely. He does not guide us by the hand, but as He directed Samuel, which is just as safe as if He came and took us by the hand. If we are quick to follow, we can be led by a small thing.

Will one of the boys volunteer to come and help me? I want to show how one may be led by even a little thread.

Now I will tie this handkerchief over Harry's eyes so that he cannot see. Take this thread into your hand and cling to it. I will go several yards down the aisle. Now, Harry, as I gently pull come toward me.

You notice that I can lead him all about the room, and he knows where to go only as I lead him by this tiny thread. Now pull back a little. There, the thread is broken! Will you now try to come to me? Ah! you see he is unable to follow me at all. He walks against the seats and gropes about and can only find his way by feeling. You see it is exceedingly difficult for him to make any progress since he broke free from that which was holding him to me.

God comes to guide each one of us, and He will lead us as He did Samuel if we do not break away from Him. He speaks to our heart by the Holy Spirit, and we should be ever ready to obey His faintest whisper. He aroused Peter by the crowing of the cock, and spoke to Balaam through the voice of the ass.

One evening a German minister related to his congregation the story of a man who was crossing a field, on his way to commit sin in a neighboring village, when he heard the cry of a quail, which seemed to say, "Where art thou going? Where art thou going?" This so impressed him that he acknowledged his sins and repented and forsook his evil ways.

As the minister returned to his home a wicked man followed him into the house and demanded of him, in an angry manner, "Who told you that story about what happened to me a few nights ago?" He could hardly believe his eyes when the minister took a book from his library and showed him that it was the way in which God had spoken to another man many years before.

Several years ago there was an insane asylum in Canada which was set on fire one night. The keeper ran through the

building and opened the cells and warned the inmates to come out. The poor people were insane, and, instead of heeding his calls, remained in the building and crowded to the windows, and laughed and shouted to see the fierce flames, and so nearly all of them perished.

Many boys and girls who are attending church, Sunday-school, and other services are being frequently urged by their teachers and friends to remember now their Creator in the days of their youth. Through these the Holy Spirit is warning them to come to Christ at once; but they think that there is plenty of time yet, and so they refuse to be led by the Spirit of God. They are acting like those unfortunate insane people who clung to their cells, and when the judgment comes they may find that they have put off too long.

Samuel listened to the voice of God not only the first time He spoke to him, but at all other times. So we will write upon the board the words, LISTENS TO GOD. When Harry was blindfolded and being led by the thread we saw that it was important not only to follow each little pull, but to listen to the voice; for then he was not so liable to break that which was holding him to me. So it is needful for us to listen to the voice of God, or we shall go astray.

In the city of Glasgow lived a wealthy merchant. He owned a large, beautiful estate, and had five children—four daughters and one son. He died suddenly without making a will; and, according to the law of that land, the property all belonged to the son. He was in business in London, and might have said, "Now I am rich, and will use all the money in my business." But no; he went home as soon as he heard of his father's death and called upon a lawyer, and had a will made in which all the children should share alike and the large house should belong to the mother as long as she lived. Then he went to his father's funeral.

Some one said to him, "But why did you go that very night and have the will made out?" He said, "I that night saw that it was my duty to do it. If I had left it till the next day my duty might not have seemed so clear." What a noble son! And what a generous way it was! Be honest and true now, while the duty is clear; for if you listen to the voice of God at once you will hear Him more distinctly the next time He speaks to you.

In the lesson concerning Samuel we are taught that a child LOVES GOD; and we will write those words. The time to love God is in childhood, and if you love Him and are true to Him then you will not be ashamed of Him as you grow older.

The story is told of a boy leaving his old-fashioned mother in the country, while he went to London to live, where he became the wealthy Dr. Carter. He sent her presents, but never went to see her. She arranged to visit her "laddie," and was greatly pleased with the prospect of so soon seeing him; for she thought that he would be glad to see her again.

She went to his fine home. When he saw her she was so old and peculiar that he was ashamed of her. She greeted him joyfully and told him that she had come to live with him now. But he feared that Violet, his future bride, would be ashamed of her, and so he tried to persuade his mother to live in a little cottage in the country, where he said that he could visit her every day.

That night, in her room, the mother thought of how her son had received her; and as she looked into the mirror and saw how old and wrinkled she was, she said, "My laddie is ashamed of me, and I will go away." And so she left the house in the night. In the morning she was not found, and then it dawned upon the son how he had treated her. He went and told all to Violet.

Instead of being ashamed of his old mother, she said that she wanted a mother to love, as her mother had died. Then they sought her, and at last found her in a hospital, where she had been placed; for she had been run over and injured. Dr. Carter begged his mother's forgiveness, and he and Violet tenderly cared for her the few hours she lived. He was grief-stricken to think that he had so treated his mother. As he needed more love for her so that he would not be ashamed of her, so we must truly love God, or we shall many times be ashamed to confess Him.

A child who is led by, listens to, and loves God will live for Him. This was true of Samuel, and is true of every boy and girl; and so we will write upon the board the words, LIVES FOR.

There are many ways in which boys and girls can show that they are living for God. In 1880 a young girl by the name of Miss Burch, of Ashford, England, stood in a crowd in London, watching the arrival of the guests at one of the Queen's receptions. She saw an old man suddenly begin to stagger and then fall to the ground. Some laughed at him, for they thought that he was intoxicated; but she tenderly cared for him, giving him water. Soon he revived and told

her that he had been unexpectedly taken ill. He took her address and said that he would never forget her kindness.

Twelve years passed, when one day a letter came asking her to go to certain lawyers. There she learned that the old gentleman had died and had left her over seven hundred thousand dollars. This was a large reward for a glass of water and a helping hand in the hour of need.

Such kindness may not always be thus rewarded; but if you are led by, listen to, love, and live for God you will be respected by all good people in this world. "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

DAVID AND GOLIATH

"And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine. . . . So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone."—1 Sam. xvii. 40, 50.

THE Israelites and the Philistines were at war. The armies of the two nations were drawn up into battle array upon two opposite hills a few miles southwest of Bethlehem. While they thus faced each other, the one waiting for the other to begin the attack, a giant of the Philistines, Goliath by name, came out and challenged any of the men of Israel to combat.

For any army not to accept such a challenge was considered a disgrace. But this man was a giant over ten feet tall and in other ways proportionately large, and hence he was such a formidable foe to meet that no one in Israel dared to engage him in conflict. So he continued to stride out into the plain, morning and night, for forty days, and defy the armies of God.

But when men defy God and His forces they little know what an easy matter it is for Him to bring down their haughty pride. There was an infidel making a speech in Paris, and he raised his fist toward heaven and dared God to strike him dead then and there. He did not die while

uttering that blasphemous speech; but after he had returned to his home a little gnat stung him in the eye, and he died. It was not necessary for God to smite him with a thunderbolt; the man could not even resist one of His tiniest creatures.

So it was not necessary for a large man like Saul to go out to meet the boastful Goliath. God had a shepherd boy in Bethlehem through whom He could easily defeat the giant and humble the army of the Philistines.

This youth was sent to the battle-field by Jesse, his father, with presents for their captain, and to learn how his brothers fared and bring word again to the father. When David reached the army he saw the giant and heard his challenge, and noted the fear which he had inspired in the army of Israel; so he proposed to go himself and fight him.

He rejected King Saul's armor, helmet, and sword, and took a weapon like this, a simple sling. You see it is a piece of leather having a hole in the center, so that a stone placed there will not fall out, and has a string about eighteen inches long attached to each end of the leather. Then he took from the brook five smooth stones something like these. He put them into his shepherd's bag, and with a cane or staff in one hand, and the sling in the other, he ran toward the giant.

How insignificant he looked, and how disgusted and angry was Goliath when he saw the mere stripling coming out to meet him! It was as much as to say, "The army of Israel will not send a man, much less a soldier, to engage such a one as you. Even a boy is sufficient, notwithstanding all your forty days of boasting." He would not have so despised the boy had he known how much David had practised with the sling while watching his flocks, and how skilfully he could hurl a stone, and especially if he had known whose power that day would direct the fatal shot.

The Philistine arose and came to meet David, and David hastened toward Goliath, and swung his sling about his head something like this, and then let go of one of the strings; and away sped the stone, and smote the Philistine in his forehead and sank into it, and he fell upon his face to the earth. Soon the youthful shepherd was seen with the giant's head in his hand victoriously marching toward the camp of Israel.

We will write upon the board the words, GIANT SLAIN BY SLING. David picked up five smooth stones with which to fight the giant; and as we lay these five stones upon the table we will give each one a name. It was not David's skill alone that made him successful, but that and his trust in God; and so we will lay the first stone upon the table, and name it TRUST, and will write that word upon the board. Trust has slain many other giants, the greatest of which is SIN; and we will write that word also. One overcomes this giant not by his own wisdom or strength, but through trust or faith in Christ.

A strong, well-manned ship left Savannah for Boston. A heavy fog settled down upon them. "Captain," said a passenger, "do you think there is any danger?" "Danger? No!" laughed the captain; "I know every reef and sandbank in the harbor. I am so used to the place that I could go up to Long Wharf in a fog like this without chart or compass." And he walked away with a self-satisfied air.

A few hours passed; a low moaning was heard, and then, as the fog lifted, the breakers were seen directly in the vessel's path. The course was changed, but in vain; a grinding crash was heard, and the noble ship settled with a long, shuddering quiver upon the cruel rocks near Boston light, where for long afterward the old hull was seen. The captain trusted to his own judgment and not to the chart pro-

vided. The only safe thing for us is to trust Christ, and not ourselves.

Another reason for David's victory was his OBEDIENCE; and we will call the next stone by that name, and write the word upon the board. He was obedient to his father and to God, and that gave him success. About two years ago a party were climbing the volcano Vesuvius; one of them persisted in going to a part of the edge of the crater or mouth of the volcano which the guide knew to be dangerous. The man would not heed the advice of the guide, for he thought that he was old enough to care for himself. Suddenly an explosion occurred near him; volumes of sulphurous gas poured forth. He reeled, and fell into the crater, and was never afterward seen. He perished because of his disobedience.

Here is a case in which some men lost their lives, but while they were about to sink into a watery grave they were brave and obedient. Several years ago six of our ships lay at anchor off the island of Formosa, in the Pacific Ocean. A severe gale swept upon them, and it was soon discovered that their anchors would not hold. One of the ships only was sufficiently powerful to steam out into the storm away from the rocky beach to a place of safety. The others were doomed to be driven upon the shore and to break into pieces, while the seamen would perish beneath the tremendous breakers.

As the one ship began to successfully ride the seas and was making for the open ocean, the fated sailors were obedient to commands, and stood bravely at their posts and heartily cheered their more fortunate companions. Obedience in the face of danger merits the approval of all good men and brings success to the Christian.

David did not go to meet Goliath in his own name nor

in the name of idols, but in the name of God; and we will call the third stone NAME OF GOD, and write the words upon the board. By saying to the giant that he came to him in the name of the Lord, David meant that he was fighting for God's honor, and believed that He was beholding the conflict, and would shield him from harm and give him the victory.

It makes us overcomers in our fight against sin when we believe that God's eye is upon us and that His power is over us. Shortly after the children of Israel had left Egypt the Amalekites came to give them battle. Moses said to Joshua, "Go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand." They went out and fought. So long as Israel could look up to the hill and see the rod of God stretched out over them they prevailed; but when Moses became wearied and the rod fell, Amalek prevailed. So Aaron and Hur went up to the top of the hill and held up Moses' hands, in which was the rod, and Israel gained a complete victory.

The fourth stone we will name EARNEST EFFORT; and we will write those words upon the board. There were many good men in Israel, but the difference between them and David was that they feared to meet Goliath and David did not. He was determined that the giant should cease defying the armies of God, and so trusted and tried. Earnest effort is a good stone with which to fight giant sin.

When young Joseph was in the prison in Egypt he not only trusted and obeyed God, but put forth earnest effort to gain his liberty, and God gave him success. Gideon, with his three hundred men, was victorious over the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east which lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude, because he believed God and tried. Samuel became a great

prophet, even when young, because he listened to God and earnestly tried to do His will.

The last stone which we will lay upon the table we will let represent the SPIRIT OF GOD; and we will write those words.

Notice that the first letters of the words which we have upon the board form the word "stones." David took five stones with him; but it was one stone which slew the giant. I think that it was the last one which we have upon the board. By having all the others he was enabled to have the last, or the Spirit of God, to whom the victory of David was wholly due; for it was He who gave the courage and skill and directed the fatal stone. All the success we have in our conflict with sin is due to His power.

A stereopticon exhibition was recently held in the opera-house in Indianapolis. The pictures did not meet the expectation of the audience, and they began to express their disapproval. Critics murmured their dissatisfaction, jokers guyed them, and outcries of derision were heard in the gal-

lery, until every picture that appeared was pelted with a volley of drolleries. The performance went on, but whistling, howling, and stamping drowned all explanations.

Suddenly, in the midst of the tumult, there appeared on the canvas the benignant face of Christ. A hush fell upon the great audience as if a spell had smitten them. They looked, and by an impulse no one can analyze their mood was changed. Through the remainder of the exhibition they were quiet, and at its close moved in an orderly manner from the house. The face of Him who "spake as never man spake" had stilled them, as His word stilled the storm on Gennesaret. It is through the power of His Spirit with us that we are able to overcome sin; and even boys and girls may have Him so manifest in their daily lives that careless ones will be won to Christ.

GIVING

"And when He had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, He looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to His disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided He among them all. And they did all eat, and were filled. And they took up twelve basketfuls of the fragments, and of the fishes. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men." —Mark vi. 41–44.

HERE I have five small hard biscuits, which are called pilot-bread,* and two small dried herring. What would you think if we should all go to a picnic and have nothing more than these to eat? You would be still more surprised if the whole Sunday-school should go, and we should have only these to feed them. When Jesus was upon earth, five thousand men, besides women and children—five times as many as would fill this church—came to Him. When the day was nearly spent they were hungry, and all there was with which to feed them were five loaves and two small fishes.

The disciples wanted to send the people away, but Jesus commanded them to feed them. Then the disciples told them to sit down upon the grass. After Jesus prayed He took the loaves and broke them, and gave to the disciples. Just imagine Peter and the other disciples going around, breaking off pieces and handing them to one and another, and

* Any biscuits will answer.

as soon as they broke off any of the bread they had as much left as they had before! They could not break the pieces so fast but what they had the same amount in their hands. Do you not think that was wonderful?

Suppose I should break this bread, and the piece I broke it from should be just as large as it was before. I think that would surprise you; it must have surprised the disciples, for the bread kept on growing and growing until all the people were fed, and not only that, but they took up twelve basketfuls of that which was left. It would take hundreds of loaves of bread to feed so many people; and yet they had enough. Do you know why the food grew so? Undoubtedly because Jesus blessed it; and we will write upon the board, BLESSED BY JESUS GIVEN BREAD GROWS.

It grew in the disciples' hands; and if we give of our bread to others it also will grow. God bestows upon us a blessing when we give to others. Here is a beautiful rose. Can you tell me what benefit flowers are to us? Yes, they give their perfume and beauty. Here are some apples. What do they give? They provide us food, and so make us healthy. Here are pictures of cows and horses and sheep. What do these animals give? Yes, the cows supply us milk and butter; the horses their labor; and sheep, wool for clothing and also themselves for food. Birds give their songs and their beautiful feathers. The grass, the water, the air, and all things in nature, give something.

If we give it shall be given unto us more abundantly. One time Elijah, the prophet, had nothing to eat. He saw a poor widow gathering some sticks to make a fire, that she might bake a little cake to give to her son. This was all she had, and when that was gone they expected to starve. The prophet asked her to bake the cake for him. She knew

that he was God's servant, and so she trusted the Lord and made the cake for him. When he had eaten it she found that the meal in her barrel had grown, and it never became less; and the oil in her can did not diminish, she always had some left; God so multiplied it.

The blessing of giving is illustrated by a story in Grecian history. Androcles, a slave of a Roman officer, was sentenced to be exposed to the wild beasts in the circus. He was put in and the cage of lions was opened. One large lion, which had been half starved, was let loose upon him; but instead of springing upon his victim he showed signs of recognition, and began to lick the feet of the slave.

This so astonished the people that they inquired of him how it was. He told them that he had been compelled by the severity of his master, while in Africa, to run away from him. Having one day taken refuge in a cave from the heat of the sun, a lion entered apparently in great pain, and seeing him, went up to him and held out his paw. Androcles found that there was a large thorn there, which had pierced into the flesh, and he carefully drew it out. The lion was soon able to use his paw again. They lived together for some time in the cave, the lion providing food for his benefactor.

At last, tired of his savage life, Androcles left the cave. He was caught by soldiers and taken to Rome, and condemned to the wild beasts. The lion, an old one, was the one out of whose foot he had taken the thorn a long time before. The poor beast did not forget that kindness. The slave was pardoned and presented with the lion, which he used to lead about the streets.

Not only does bread grow, but given money also grows. Three little boys had a fair, and they took in twenty-five cents, two ten-cent pieces and one five-cent piece. They

met to divide the money, and as they did not have the exact change, two of them took a ten-cent piece each, and one little boy took the five-cent piece. This was a large amount of money to him, and when he went home his father asked him what he was going to do with it. He said that he was going to buy a gold watch and a toy rat. His father told him that he thought that the money which was raised at fairs was usually given to a church, or to some other public institution, and not used to buy gold watches and toy rats.

The family sat down to supper, and the father, who was an elder of the church, began to tell of the disappointment of the committee in not being able to raise sufficient money to build their new church, and how sorry he was that they would have to cease their efforts.

The little boy studied a minute as to what he would do. He said to himself, "Now shall I take this money to build a church, or shall I buy a gold watch and a toy rat?" After debating with himself he said, "I will build a church." He took his cap, and away he ran to the minister's house. Just as he reached the door the pastor came out. He was going to a meeting of the committee, where they were going to talk over the matter of their proposed new church. He was greatly discouraged at the idea of being obliged to give up building.

The minister said to him, "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" The little boy told him that he had come to build a church. "How can you build a church?" "I have the money, and I will give it to you, and I want you to build a church." "Where can you get the money?" "I have it here." And he reached his hand down into his pocket and took the five-cent piece and placed it into the pastor's hand, and away he ran for home.

The minister looked at the five cents and at the little boy

going home. He went to the meeting of the committee and told them the story. The boy's father was there and heard it. The committee decided that they would build the church. They went at it, and soon it was completed. This boy had only a small amount of money, but by giving it he had aroused others also to be generous.

Here is another story, similar to the one which I have just related. A few years ago I attended a Sunday-school anniversary in a Presbyterian church in Morristown, N. J., at which the pastor held up a ten-cent piece, and told the school the following incident. Many years before the Presbyterian people were desirous of building a church in that place, but they were poor, and the work did not progress.

The pastor visited a little girl who was a member of the Episcopal Church. She was ill and dying. When the minister left she took a ten-cent piece and gave it to him for his new church. He related the circumstance to his people, and they were so moved by it to generosity that the church was soon built. The little girl's ten-cent piece was placed in a tin box and put into the corner-stone. Many years after this the old church was torn down to give place to the present beautiful building, and there they found the ten-cent piece in the corner-stone. This was the one which the pastor showed to the school at the anniversary.

We will write upon the board the word LOVE; for when we give our love to others, it, too, grows. If you give it to Christ and to others, He will bless it and it will grow, as the bread grew in the hands of the disciples.

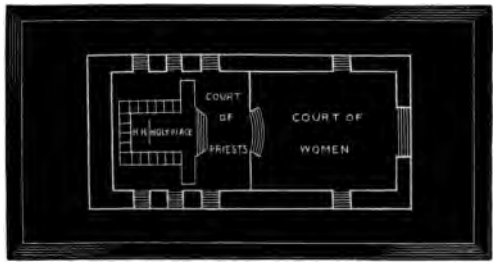
There is a picture in one of the art galleries of Rome which represents St. Augustine finding a little child sitting by the ocean with a tiny shell in his hand. With it he is dipping out the water of the sea and pouring it into a hole upon the land. Thus he continues to labor, expecting to be able to exhaust the sea.

His inability to do this is like the impossibility of our exhausting our love. The more of it we give the more we shall have to give. Like the bread, when blessed by Jesus it continues to increase in resemblance to His boundless love, and it will go on enlarging through all eternity.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE GENTILES

"A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."—Luke ii. 32.

WHEN Jesus was eight days old He was taken by Mary and Joseph to the temple, an outline of which we will draw upon the board. The temple area was nearly square. Upon the right was Solomon's Porch. The south portion of the area was called the court of the Gentiles. The temple was located in the northern half of the area. First, at the right was the women's court; to the left of this the priests' court, containing the altar for sacrifice; then still to the left the holy place, and beyond that the holy of holies.



We will put a pin into the blackboard near the center of the women's court to represent the place where Mary stood with Jesus in her arms. There were two devout persons in Jeru-

salem who were waiting for the appearance of the Messiah. The name of one was Simeon and the name of the other was Anna, a widow about eighty-four years of age.

The Holy Spirit caused these two people to enter the temple just as Mary came in with Jesus; and it was revealed to them who the infant was, and they both rejoiced and praised God. And Simeon took Jesus up into his arms and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

Since he called Jesus a light, we will let this little candle represent Him, and we will light it and hang it upon the pin in the board.* And there Jesus was, a little one, yet the light of the world. As this little candle would light up a dark room, so that infant was to lighten all the hearts in the world. And we will let the candle shine here to represent the way Jesus shone.

The text says that He was a light to lighten the Gentiles. Do you know who the Gentiles were? They were not Jews. They were all the people of the world beside the Jews. So, if you are not a Jew, you are a Gentile, and Jesus is a light to lighten you, and all other boys and girls like you. We will write upon the board, JESUS LIGHTS GENTILES —WHO? The "who" explains the ones whom He lights.

But why do the Gentiles need light? Does not the sun shine upon the earth, and lighten the world just the same for the Gentiles as for any one else? Yes, the sun shines, but it does not mean that Jesus was to lighten the bodies of men, but to illuminate their souls; for the Gentiles and all others are in darkness. They need light; that is, they do

* By means of a Christmas-tree candlestick.

not know the true God and do not love Him. And they do not know how to find God to worship Him.

Many are bowing down to idols which they have made with their own hands; worshiping animals, such as cows, snakes, elephants, and all sorts of creatures. This shows gross darkness, and that their souls need lighting. Sometimes in this land the souls of men and women need illuminating.

A young man became so nervous that he could not sleep nights. He went to his physician, who examined him carefully, and told him that he needed to go out of the city and work upon a farm. The young man followed the advice, and labored until he became very tired; and he could sleep only when he was completely exhausted.

As a result he became ill, and went to another physician, who advised him to try music. And so he purchased a violin and learned to play; but that did not help him to sleep. Other friends advised him to try voyages at sea, and he became a sailor, and for many months lived upon the ocean. Still he could not sleep, he was so nervous. He did not know the cause of this. He began to despair; sometimes he thought that he would kill himself.

At last he went into a church in New York and heard the story of Jesus and His love. His heart was touched, and he accepted the Saviour; then he discovered that what he needed all the time was to have his soul enlightened by the presence of Christ. Now all his nervousness was gone and he could sleep. You see he did not know why he was so nervous and unable to sleep; but as soon as Jesus' light broke into his soul all was right.

Sometimes boys and girls do not know what makes them unhappy. It is because they need to have Jesus lighten their heart by His Holy Spirit. We have now learned

WHY Jesus lightens the Gentiles, and we will place it upon the board under the word "who."

We want to talk about how He lightens them, and so we will write under the "why" the word HOW. About two thousand years ago there lived in Osaka, Japan, a king. He had everything in his palace that he needed to make him comfortable: plenty of good food, and he supposed that everybody else had abundance. One day he was out walking, and as he went up a high hill in the capital city he looked down through the valley, and did not see any smoke; and he asked himself what this could mean; because, if the people baked and cooked rice, they would need fire, and this would make smoke in the valleys. He inquired and found that there was a famine, and that the people had little to eat.

Then he left his mansion and lived as a peasant among the people; and he would not take taxes from them while the famine continued. After seven years he went up on the high hill again, and saw the smoke in the valleys as it used to be; then he knew that the people had plenty of food, and he went back and lived in his castle again and wrote a poem about it, which the little Japanese boys and girls commit to memory. It tells how he saw his people poor, and that he went and lived among them and was poor himself.

So the Lord Jesus saw that we were exceedingly poor and that our souls were in darkness, and He came and lived with us in our poverty that He might lighten us. He lived among us, not for a short time, but all His life. He was poor, having no place of His own upon which He could lay His head.

But it was not by His life upon earth through which our souls become enlightened; it was His death upon the cross. Had He not suffered that, not a ray of light from God

would have ever shone into the prison-cell of our hearts. Since He has died for us we become lightened by receiving His Spirit.

Jesus lightens the Gentiles as I light one of these little candles.* You see I take the little candle which represents Jesus, the light of the world, and touch one of these which represent the Gentiles, and it lights it at once. That is the way He lightens us, by touching us. He comes to our heart by His Spirit, and immediately we love Him and become His children.

One day, when Jesus was going along in a crowd, a poor woman, who had been ill a long time, reached out her hand and touched the hem of His garment, and immediately she was healed. Just so when we touch the Saviour, by believing in Him our souls become enlightened. This is the way it was with the young man who had tried so many different ways to be rid of his nervousness. As soon as he believed in Jesus he was made well.

But sometimes boys and girls try to believe on Him and do not know how. One time there was on the Atlantic Ocean a large ship which was sinking. All the men got into the life-boats to save themselves; they climbed over the side of the ship and dropped into the boats. One boy was on the ship with his father. All had climbed into the boat but the boy; there he was hanging on to the side of the ship, but he did not dare to let go and drop into the boat below him. His father was below with outstretched arms to catch him as soon as he should fall; but the little fellow saw the great waves, and was afraid to let go. His father called to him several times to let go, as the ship was sinking and about to go down. The men in the boat shouted that if he

* Have other candles which can be hung upon the board and lighted as needed.

did not drop they would row off and leave him. Then he let go, and was caught by his father.

It was not his clinging to the sinking ship that saved the little boy, but dropping into his father's arms. He could not have held there long without falling into the sea, and soon the ship would go down. Believing on Christ is falling into His arms, trusting Him to save. This is done by letting go of self, ceasing to think that you can save yourself or make yourself better. Resolving to do right in your own strength is holding on to the sinking ship; permitting Christ to do all for you is letting go and falling into His arms. This is HOW He enlightens the Gentiles.

We want to notice the purpose for which Jesus enlightens the Gentiles; and so we will write the words, WHAT FOR? beneath the others.

Can any of you tell me why it is that Jesus lights our souls? Yes, to make us happy and to save us. But don't you think that He wants us lighted so that we may illumine some other dark heart? You see that with this one little candle, which I have lighted by means of the small one which represents Jesus, I can light each one of these other candles. So every boy or girl who truly receives the light of Christ into his or her heart has power to light others.

We should endeavor to bring light to others by telling them of the Saviour; for many do not know or realize the darkness and bondage in which they are; they are slaves to Satan, and know it not until their eyes are opened by the Holy Spirit, perhaps through some word of a friend.

There was in Cooper County, Missouri, a colored woman who for twenty-five years had been kept as a slave after the negroes had been freed by the proclamation which President Lincoln made, that they no longer should be held in bondage in the United States. But the poor negro woman did

not know anything about this; they kept the good news from her. And so she worked on as a slave for twenty-five years. Only when her master died did she learn that she had been made free, and was wrongfully kept in servitude.

Many are toiling on, the slaves of sin, as blind as Samson grinding in the prison-house of the Philistines. But to those who have received His light Christ grants the privilege of bearing, by kindly word and a holy life, the message which shall set them free. Are you a light-bearer or a light-extinguisher?

WATCHFULNESS

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore." —Mark xiii. 34, 35.

HERE is a red flag. Can you tell me how such flags are used on railroads? Yes, they are used to warn trains of danger. Here is also a red lantern. Sometimes you see at night a red lantern in a street which has been torn up. Why are red lights put in such places? To inform people that danger is there. When trains are running, either day or night, some one upon the engine keeps a sharp lookout. If the watcher should see such a flag, or a red light, he would immediately whistle "down brakes" and reverse the engine. Ocean steamships always have a man upon the lookout.

Our lesson is a kind of red lantern or red flag, for it warns us of dangers and urges us to WATCH; and so we will write that word upon the board. We will also hang the red flag upon one side of the board, and the red lantern upon the other, while we consider our lesson. As you look at them I trust that they will be continually saying to each one of you while I talk, "There is danger ahead; watch!"

The first thing that we should watch against is SIN; and we will write that word. Jesus tells us that if a man knew

that some one were coming to break into his house he would watch and would not allow the thief to steal what he had. Sin is like a thief endeavoring to break into a house, and we must watch against it. It is ever luring us on, and we must watch, lest, like sheep, we become lost.

One time, in Scotland, a man called the attention of another to a sheep that was away out upon the side of a mountain, upon a narrow ledge over a precipice five or six hundred feet high. There the sheep was lost and perishing. At first it came to the edge of the cliff. A few feet below it saw a level place covered with grass. Tempted by it, the sheep easily slipped down to it. When it ate all the grass on that plot it was unable to climb back again. A little lower down it saw another plot of grass, and slipped down to that; and farther down another was seen, and the poor sheep was lured to that.

Finally it had reached that last ledge where there was no food, and now it had nothing but death awaiting it. Soon the eagles would see it, and would circle nearer and nearer around it. At last their wings would make such a flapping noise that the sheep would become frightened and jump over the precipice and be dashed to pieces.

In a similar manner sin lures boys and girls lower and lower by some tempting thing—a pleasure, it may be. At last the poor soul will reach the edge of eternity and be lost forever. How cautiously boys and girls should guard against sin! But that alone will not do; we must WATCH FOR CHRIST; and so we will write those words. If we are looking for Him to come into our heart, and are waiting to see Him face to face, we shall not be nearly so liable to fall into sin.

Christ tells us that He is like a man who took his journey into a far country, and left his house, and gave to each servant

his work, and commanded him to watch. It is not known when the master of the house will return. It may be in the evening, at midnight, or in the morning.

If a servant says, "My lord delays his coming," and begins to live carelessly, and to eat and drink with the drunken, the lord of that servant shall come in a day that he looketh not for him, and in an hour of which he is not aware, and shall cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites. Hence we should never cease to watch for the coming of Christ.

Simeon was watching for the coming of the Messiah, and when at last it was revealed to him that the babe whom he saw lying in Mary's arms in the temple was the One, he rejoiced and praised God.

King Herod did not watch for His coming, and when the wise men came from the East and asked for the babe, he was filled with fear, and all the careless ones of Jerusalem with him.

Only one family was watching for the flood in Noah's day, and when it finally came they were ready and rejoiced in the security of the ark. All the other inhabitants of the earth did not watch, and when the storm rolled over the earth and the fountains of the great deep were broken up they were thinking only of their business and pleasures, and so were unprepared, and all perished.

Christ tells us that as it was in the days of Noah, so shall His coming be. Therefore let us be ready and watch; for we know not when He will come.

We should not only watch for Him, but WAIT; and we will write that word upon the board. When a man on the railroad whose business it is to flag trains knows that soon an express will pass, he does not stand and anxiously look in the direction from which he expects the train. He hangs

out his flag or lantern, and waits. There may be many other little things to which he can attend while he waits.

In admonishing us to watch and wait for His coming, Christ does not wish us to array ourselves in white garments and sit in idleness, looking anxiously for His appearance. He wishes us to go about our school or our business as we wait; and in the meantime He will reveal to us such views of Himself amid our labors and troubles that it will seem as if He gave us glimpses of the glory land.

One evening we were traveling in an express train in the northwestern part of Italy, near Genoa. The train entered a long tunnel which runs close by the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. After going some time in darkness the train suddenly emerged from the tunnel, and the sea burst into view. We saw the brilliant colors of the setting sun, and their reflection upon the smooth blue water, the moss-covered castles, and the towering cliffs, and had barely time to exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful!" when we were swept again into the darkness. While we were talking of the beauties of that resplendent sight, we passed a portion of the tunnel which had openings, by means of large archways, out upon the sea; and again the glorious view flashed upon us; but only for a moment, for we were immediately plunged into the darkness.

This was repeated many times, and each time it seemed as if the darkness of our compartment was instantly annihilated by the flash of light, in which all the colors of the rainbow were gorgeously intermingled. I exclaimed, "These are glimpses of glory!" They turned our thoughts away from earth, and caused us to long for the heavenly land. They seemed to leave a divine impression upon our heart and remind us of the views of Christ and heaven which Christians often receive through faith and prayer as they

journey, perhaps through many difficulties, toward the celestial city.

So while watching for the coming of Christ we need not wait in sadness and idleness. Every one can WORK for Him, and it is a good way in which to wait for Him.

Millie was the daughter of a poor fisherman. She heard a missionary say at a meeting that every penny would help the cause of missions. When she learned about the poor children in India she thought that she would like to give them something; but she hardly ever saw a penny.

One of the neighbors asked Millie if she wanted some currants; so she took her pail and picked it full to take home. The family had plenty to eat, and enjoyed them. But Millie was thinking all the time how she could use her currants to obtain some money for the poor children in India.

At last she put her share into an old broken saucer, the best she had, and sprinkled some sugar upon them, and took the only clean towel in the house, and placed it upon a three-legged table, and used a stick for the other leg. There she placed the currants and waited for some one to come along to buy them.

Many people passed, but they saw that Millie had poor clothes, and that her face and hands were dirty, and they

would not buy. She waited for a long time and became so tired that she began to cry. Some thought that it was a good joke that she was selling currants. She told others that she was trying to sell the currants to get money to give to the poor children in India; but no one seemed to care about that.

At last a young man came along with a dog. His dog ran against the table, knocking it over and spilling the currants. Now poor Millie's heart was almost broken. She began to cry bitterly; but the young man comforted her and told her that he would gladly pay for the currants and gave her ten cents. The joy came back to her eyes and a smile to her lips.

She ran to Deacon Wise's, where the missionary was staying, and said, "I want to see the man who lived in India." "You do? Why, it's Millie Stone! Well, I don't suppose he wants to see you much," said the servant who met her at the door. "Won't you tell him?" "Well, I will see what he says; but you are awful dirty."

She went into the room where the missionary was, and said, "Mister, here is ten cents; it is fur dem widow girls 'bout as big as me. You said every penny would help." The missionary asked her if she was sorry that they knew nothing about the Bible, and whether that was the reason she wanted to help. She said, "I don't know much about that. I am sorry they don't have nice things like me." Then the missionary told her concerning the Bible and what she and the children in India most needed. How she listened!

Millie never heard how much good her ten cents did. She never knew of the thoughts awakened in the mind of the young man who had bought her currants, nor of the mission band started as a result of a letter written regarding her by the missionary's wife, nor of the encouragement that it

gave the missionary. She thought that she had helped a little, but she never knew how much. You see that a poor fisherman's child can work for Jesus. It is a good way in which to watch against sin and watch and wait for Christ—to be doing some loving service for Him.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE

"And Jesus stood before the governor. Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered Him to be crucified." —Matt. xxvii. 11, 17, 24, 26.

I HAVE here a basin of water. Sometimes we speak of washing our hands of anything. We mean by that, that we refuse to have anything to do with it. When Jesus stood before Pilate the governor said to Him, "Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee?" And yet, when the people clamored for the blood of Christ, he took a dish of water and washed his hands, like this, before the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

Washing his hands with water was a symbolical act of cleansing his hands of the blood of the guiltless Jesus, or of his being innocent of His death. Then he had Jesus scourged. He was stripped of His garments to the waist and whipped with an instrument something like this. You see it is a scourge having a handle about eighteen inches long, with strips of leather fastened to it for lashes. Upon the ends of

these are fastened bits of lead or parts of nails, so that when the victim is smitten they sink into the flesh.

How frightfully the body of Jesus must have been wounded by that scourging! He had slept none of the night previous, having been taken from the garden to the high priest, then to Pilate, and from there to Herod, and then back to Pilate, before whom He stood for final judgment. We will write upon the board the words, JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Does it not seem strange that Jesus, who created the world, stands before such a judge as Pilate? Pilate knew that He was innocent, yet he did not have courage to liberate Him. There are many unjust judges in the world. Pilate was one.

A few months ago, in New York, a man went home drunk and struck his wife in the face with a sharp instrument, cutting her seriously. One morning, when he went out, he told her that he would kill her yet. Then she went to her father's family, and they told her to see the judge in the Yorkville police court.

She went, and the attendant commanded her to sit down and wait until the judge called for her. She waited all that day, but the court was dismissed without her being called. She went the second and third days, and still the judge did not have time to see her. Finally, when the attendant heard what her trouble was, he took her before the judge, who told her that he could not give her any justice, especially since it was a month before that she was abused; and the poor woman was thrust out of the court.

She did not have much protection, and she had no fairness from such a judge. Do you think that you would be a better judge than that if you should have poor people plead with you for help? Well, you are a judge, and Jesus stands be-

fore you as truly as He stood before Pilate; so we will write the word YOU upon the board.

What do you think of Jesus? Do you think that He is the Saviour of sinners? Do you think that He is able to be your God, and that you should love Him more than all else in the world? Would you rather serve Him than to have your own sinful pleasures? You are the judge and He stands before you. You must choose what you will do with Him. We will write in the form of a cross the words, CHOOSE YOU.

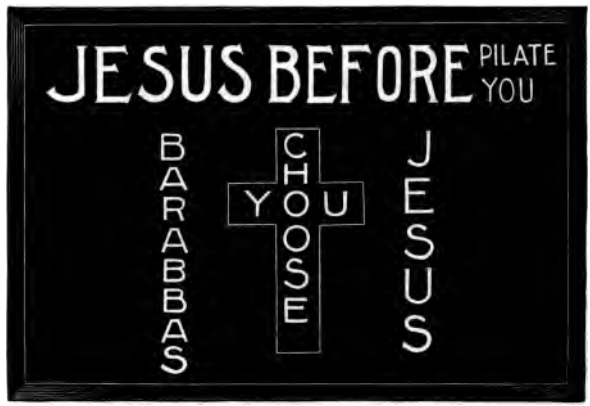
The cross of Christ means His death, and that stands before us, and compels each one of us to make a choice. We must choose, whether we wish to or not.

When the children of Israel were held as slaves in Egypt they did not have the power to choose to leave the land and to go to Canaan; but when God sent Moses to them, and through the mighty works which He performed set them free, then they were obliged to choose whether they would go with Moses to the Promised Land or remain in Egypt.

Since Jesus has come and by His death upon the cross has set us free, we are compelled either to choose Him or to decide to remain in the bondage and service of Satan. In fact, we have the same choice to make which Pilate presented to the Jews when he asked them which one he should liberate to them, Jesus or Barabbas. So we will put upon the right side of the cross the word JESUS, and upon the left the word BARABBAS.

That is what Pilate told the Jews to do; they were to choose one of these two persons to go free. Which should it be—Jesus or Barabbas? They chose Barabbas. Which one would you have chosen to go free? I will tell you what choosing Barabbas means. It is preferring to gratify yourself and others rather than to please God. You choose Bar-

abbas when you seek the good opinion of boys and girls by laughing at sacred things. You choose Barabbas when you spend money which has been given you for the Sunday-school. You choose Barabbas when you take that which



does not belong to you, or tell falsehoods. Jesus stands before you, and you have to choose Him or the sinful things which we have mentioned.

You think that the scourging of Jesus was cruel and heartless. You would not take this scourge and smite Him, would you? But these things are scourges, and when you choose them instead of Him you wound His heart afresh.

In Alabama, about twenty years ago, a vicious, unruly lad was the terror of the community. Neither parents nor teachers were able to control him. One day his father, a feeble old man, asked him to drive a stake in the garden to hold up a grape-vine. He refused, and when his father insisted the son struck him, uttering a fierce oath. That night he left the village.

A few months later he was arrested for stealing, and sent to prison for sixteen years. He did not write to his father, but when he was released wrote a letter. He received no answer. He then became a wanderer. One day he came to his native village, a middle-aged man. His father had long been dead. He went through the churchyard to the grave. Beneath the grass his father lay, deaf to his cries; he would never speak to say that he forgave him.

The next day the village folk found a stake driven into the earth at the head of the grave like a tombstone, and written upon it, "Father, I will obey you." The man was gone and never returned. See how much sorrow his disobedience caused. After his poor old father was dead he could come and drive the stake, but it was too late. Whenever one is guilty of disobedience like that, he chooses Barabbas instead of Jesus.

One day Annie's mother was thirsty and sent her out for a pint of beer. She drank a glass and then poured out one for the child. Annie is one of the scholars in the primary class in a Sunday-school in New York, and evidently listened when the teacher, some time before, spoke to the class on intemperance. She did not take the beer, and her mother said, "Annie, why don't you drink your beer?" Annie replied, "I cannot drink it, mother." The mother thought, "Now Mrs. B—— [Annie's Sunday-school teacher] has been putting that into her head." So she felt like insisting. She said to Annie, "You must drink it." But the child declined, and the mother proceeded to enforce her commands by threatening to whip her. Annie began to cry, but still refused the beer. The mother hesitated and said, "Annie, what makes you act so? Was it Mrs. B—— who told you not to drink beer?" "No; but the minister told us that if we took the first glass we would take another and another,

and by and by we would be drunkards, and I do not want to be a drunkard."

The mother felt that she had been rebuked by the child, and later told the Sunday-school teacher of it and that she herself had ceased to drink beer. When that little girl had beer offered her she had to choose between Jesus and Barabbas, and she chose Jesus.

A party were crossing the Caspian Sea in a boat. One of the men kept looking up into the sky and did not take his eyes from a certain star. A passenger asked him why he kept looking at the stars, and he said, "Do you see that star? If we lose sight of that we are lost. That is the only way we know in which direction to steer the boat." So if our eyes are not upon Jesus, if we do not love Him, and if we choose the sinful things in this world instead of Him, we are lost.

A little girl was playing near a precipice when suddenly the ground gave way beneath her feet, and before she had time to spring back to a place of safety she began to fall over the abyss. As she slipped she caught hold of some grass within her reach, and her little fingers stuck into the earth and hindered her downward course. She called for help and then heard a voice saying, "I am coming; keep looking up."

She never glanced downward. It seemed a long time to wait. Again the voice, this time nearer, said hopefully, "I am coming; look upward." The next moment two strong arms seized her and pulled her gently but firmly to the top. So boys and girls by nature are slipping over the precipice of sin, and the only safety is to look to Jesus continually, to trust Him constantly. Soon He takes hold of us, and then we are safe in His arms and all is well.

A young girl who was dying said feebly, "Bring—" And

as she repeated it those who stood by went to bring her things which they thought she wanted; but she kept shaking her head. At last she gained a little more strength and broke out singing:

> "Bring forth the royal diadem
> And crown Him Lord of all."

She had chosen the Saviour, and He had touched her heart and made her feel more love for Him than for all else.

Now read backward the first line which we have written upon the board, and you will notice that it says, PILATE BEFORE JESUS. Yes; once Jesus stood before Pilate; some day Pilate will stand before Jesus.

Jesus now stands before you. Soon it will be YOU BEFORE JESUS. The time is coming when He will not be standing before the door of your heart, knocking and waiting to come in to live with you. He will be a judge upon the throne and you will be standing before Him. Your only hope is to accept Him and to live for Him here. Everything will depend upon your having Him in your heart.

If you should dip your hands into this basin of water and wash them, you know that it would not cleanse your heart from the sinful things which you have done; but all your good conduct for the future is just as fruitless to atone for past sins. Only the blood of Christ can cleanse the heart.

There was a druggist in Brooklyn who had a prosperous business, a wife, and children, and who seemed very happy in his family life. One day a man went into the store and arrested the druggist; he said he had followed him for years. The druggist was once in the penitentiary and had escaped from prison. He said, "Yes, I own up; I am the man."

His wife and children knew nothing about his past sinful life. He said to his wife, "Have I not been a good hus-

band?" "Why, yes; you have always been kind and good." He was an excellent business man, but he was an escaped convict and was compelled to go back to prison.

All the right things which he had done were of no account so long as he was under sentence as a prisoner. So all the kind deeds which you can perform for others will be of no consequence, unless you have God's pardon and His Spirit in your heart. As He stands before you, choose Him as your Saviour; love and serve Him. Then your good life will count.

TEMPTATIONS

"And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."—2 Tim. ii. 26.

DOUBTLESS you can all tell me what this is. Yes, it is an ordinary mouse-trap nicely baited with cheese. I will set it upon the table while I relate to you the story of a convention once held by mice.

The important subject before them was how they could get into a strange-looking object which contained some delicious cheese. One was saying one thing, and another another. They had passed a motion to go into this little house, and were about to adjourn to get the cheese according to the plans upon which they had agreed, when there came limping along an old rat. His fore paw was bandaged and in a sling; the hair was off his back, and a part of his tail was gone.

He said, "My children, what are you talking about and why are you making so much noise?" "Oh, we are holding a convention." "What is the object of your convention?" "Oh, we have just decided to go and get some of that cheese." "Children, listen to one who is older and more experienced than you. Do you see this poor broken paw of mine, and that the beautiful fur is nearly all gone from my back, and that a part of my tail is lost? My children, that is a trap. Once I attended a convention like this,

and we resolved to get some cheese, and I was caught; and that is the trouble with my paw, my tail, and the fur upon my back. Follow my advice and keep away from the cheese." And away he hobbled.

But all the mice began to laugh at him, and called him an old fogy, and shouted, "You think, because you were caught, everybody else will be. We are not such simpletons as you."

Upon this they separated to wait until dark, so that no one would see them. Then each one was to obtain the cheese as best he could. There the trap stood during the night.

The next morning the man who set the trap went and looked; and I will remove the cloth, which has something concealed beneath it upon the table, and show you what he saw. Ah, a trap full of mice!* You see they were caught because they would not listen to the advice of one who was older.

Satan has many traps in which he endeavors to catch boys and girls. He set a trap for Daniel and his three companions when he tried to lure them into drinking wine and eating meat contrary to God's law; but he failed in his undertaking. He endeavored to entrap Christ when he tempted Him in the wilderness.

He has various kinds of traps for different boys and girls. Would you like to see some of those which he uses in his attempts to catch you? Here is one, a wine-glass. He thinks that if he can induce the young to begin to drink alcoholic liquors he may obtain control of them. He hints that there is no harm in it, and it seems so pleasant; but it is only a bait to entrap the unsuspecting one. Multitudes have been led to ruin by means of this trap. The Bible says

* These can be secured a night or two before needed.

that at the last wine bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. How terrible is the bite of serpents! We are naturally afraid of them.

One morning recently, in New Mexico, a man was found dead in the grass; and those who discovered him saw some large snakes crawl out of his clothing, and they shot them. They turned the man over and saw that the snakes had not bitten him, nor had they done him any harm. He had evidently lain down at night to sleep, and when he awoke and found the snakes crawling about him it frightened him to death.

How terrible that was! Yet people who are caught in the wine-trap have just such frightful feelings as that man had. Sometimes they think that they see snakes in the room all about them that are ready to bite them. It is because their minds have become so disordered. What a subtle snare Satan sets when he tries to tempt you into the wine-trap!

Here is another trap which I will show you. Although I take them from my pocket, I do not smoke them, for they are poisonous cigarettes. These are indeed traps, for Satan likes to catch boys by means of them. Boys who smoke them should remember that it is ruinous to body and mind.

There was a young man in Williams College who was an excessive smoker of cigarettes. One day he had convulsions and was carried from the class-room. The physician said that he could not live a year, unless he ceased smoking. He stopped for a time, but afterward began again. He was the only one in his class who failed in the final senior examinations and was not graduated. If you are tempted to smoke cigarettes, remember the experience of the poor mice, lest you too are caught.

What are these which I hold in my hand? Yes, marbles

and pennies. They also are traps; for boys, and sometimes girls, play marbles, and get to playing for keeps, and that is gambling. After a time they play for money. Then they are not satisfied with that, and play cards for money, and are known as gamblers. Thus Satan leads them from marbles and pennies to cards and dollars.

There was a young man who lived in Germany. He began playing games of chance and later learned to play cards. This led him to a life of gambling. He was so skilful a player that he was called the card fiend.

One time he met a young man and played cards with him for money. The young man kept losing his money until he lost all. He went out and borrowed more, and lost it; then he borrowed some more and lost that. He then left the card-room and went out into the yard. Soon the gambler heard the report of a gun, and ran out and found that the young man had shot himself because he had lost all his money.

The gambler felt so sorry for him that he raised him and turned him over to see if he were dead, when some papers and a picture fell out of his pocket. The man looked at the photograph and saw that it was the face of his own mother. Then he knew that the young man from whom he had won the money, and who was lying dead before him, was his own younger brother, whom he had not seen for years.

This stopped his gambling, and perhaps you have heard him relate this experience in our Christian Endeavor meeting, and noticed that he says that he would sooner sever his right hand from his wrist than ever to touch another card. See the trap in which Satan caught these two brothers, and all because they began to play little games for keeps. Be upon your guard against the gambling trap.

Will you tell me what this is? Yes, it is a paper-covered book. See, it is full of striking pictures. This is another trap. Perhaps you do not see how a yellow-covered book can be a trap. It is, for those who read such books and papers have their minds poisoned and are led into a pitfall.

One cold night a passenger train was wrecked near Rome, N. Y., and one or two were killed. The next day it was learned that some boys had torn up the tracks to wreck the train and to rob the passengers. They had been reading bad books and were led from that to robbery and murder.

An earnest Christian man, and an elder in a church, says that the first alarm which God gave him because of his sins was when their barn burned one night in the country, and he had some bad books hidden in the hay-loft. God used that to speak loudly to his soul, and he never forgot it. See that Satan does not catch you in his bad-literature trap.

Here is another trap. You look surprised to hear me call a banana a trap. But Satan often uses it and things like it as traps. Often he puts it into the heart of boys and girls to take fruit from fruit stands. Whatever tempts one to steal is a trap. Frequently it is money which parents have left in the house. It may be only a small amount, but it belongs to some one else. When they take things which are not theirs boys and girls are inclined to say that they found them. Whenever you are tempted to steal, remember that it is Satan endeavoring to entrap you.

In Powers' art-gallery, in Rochester, there is a small, obscure picture which treats of an important subject. It represents a young man riding swiftly upon a horse. Before and above him floats one who resembles an angel, holding out to him a crown with one hand, and scattering coins with the other. The young man is extending his arm to reach

the crown, while he spurs his horse to a more furious pace. His fingers almost touch the coveted prize.

While his gaze is intently fixed upon the crown, flowers and helpless children are being trampled beneath his feet. Behind him, upon a white horse, there rides a skeleton, having a sword drawn in his hand, ready to strike the young man the fatal blow. With one more leap of the horse the youth will go over a precipice immediately before him and sink into the dark abyss.

In a similar manner Satan allures on the young. While their minds are intently fixed upon the desired object they heedlessly trample beauty and innocence under their feet. They may secure the coveted prize, but at what a fearful cost! In gaining it they lose their own soul.

We have considered only a few of the many snares in which Satan endeavors to catch you. You are never safe when you trust to your own wisdom, for it is no match for his subtlety. Your only security is found in Christ. Hide in Him, and "surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

FOUR KINDS OF HEARTS

"A sower went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the wayside; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it. And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it. And other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit a hundredfold."—Luke viii. 5–8.

JESUS says that as the sower sowed his seed some fell by the wayside, or upon the hard-beaten road, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it. We have in this shallow box some earth which has been packed down hard.* Now as I drop this wheat on the soil you see that it lies upon the surface and that any little bird could pick it up.

Notice also that I have four pieces of paper which cover something that has been put upon the board. I remove the first paper, and you see that we have the outline of a box with a heart in it. The hard-beaten soil in the box on which we cast the wheat means a hard heart; and we will write the word HARD inside the heart upon the board.†

Some boys and girls have a heart like the hard soil; no truth can get into it any more than the little seeds can enter the soil. And as the birds go and pick away these seeds, so

* Plant jars of earth will answer.

† Or hang a paper heart with the word HARD on it upon the box, and similarly for each of the other points.

Satan steals away the good things which are sown in their heart.

A few weeks ago there was a young woman in front of the city hall in Brooklyn, who came up to a man and asked him to hold her baby for a few minutes while she stepped into the mayor's office to transact some business. The man granted her request, and after waiting for a long time for her to return he went in search of her, and discovered that she had gone out of the city hall by the back way and had escaped, leaving the poor baby in his care. You see she was hard-hearted, because she had no love for her babe.

There are many other ways in which people show that they are hard-hearted. There is the account of a child eighteen months old, in France, that turned to stone while it was yet alive. Its arms, legs, and feet, and the whole body gradually turned to stone, and the young child could not help itself at all. This case was a great astonishment to celebrated physicians. But the Bible tells us that if we live in sin we have hearts of stone; that is, they are hard, impenitent, and unforgiving.

Jesus said that some seed fell upon a rock, where it had little depth of earth, and as soon as it sprang up it withered away because it lacked moisture. Here is another box, which contains fertile, mellow-looking soil, but notice the sound when I strike it with my knife-handle. This is because there is a stone beneath it and the soil has no depth.

I drop some of the wheat into this soil. It may take root, but it will soon die because of having no depth of earth. This represents a shallow heart. We will remove another paper from the board, and in the heart there will write the word SHALLOW.

Many people seem to be sincere in their desire to be Christians, but they forget it almost as soon as they decide

to love the Saviour. They are so shallow. A soldier lay ill in a hospital, and heard that another was to be shot because of disobedience; and he imagined in his sickness that he was the one. He begged the physician to send for a minister, so that he might get ready to die, because he was going to be shot.

The doctor knew that he was delirious, and told him that no one should shoot him, and that if they came near him he would have them locked up. Then the soldier said, "Thank you, dear doctor; you need not send for a minister just yet." You see he was like many people who think that they want to become Christians, but they have not fully determined to serve Christ. Their heart is shallow.

I will drop a few kernels of wheat into the next box containing soil. You notice that there are grass and sticks in it. This is like some of the seed of the sower which fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it, so that it brought no fruit to perfection. Weeds and thorns will hinder the growth of any good seed. This denotes the thorny heart. We will remove another paper from the board, and write in the heart there represented the word THORNY.

We call it a thorny heart because it represents those who have their heart so full of other things that they have no time to be true Christians. They want to have both Christ and sinful pleasure in their heart at the same time; and the sin smothers the love of Christ.

Sometimes farmers teach their little boys to hoe corn. When the corn is up about four inches high the weeds need to be pulled out, the soil stirred and drawn up around the stalks. Often a boy who has not learned better pulls the soil up so high about the corn as to cover the leaves. If he departs and it is left in that way the earth will smother the leaves and the corn will die. So worldliness and sin smother the love of Christ in our hearts.

Sister Belle was dressed for the ball. Little Grace stood rubbing her hands gently over the diamonds. "Take care, little sister; you will ruffle my hair. What are you doing?" "Only looking at the bright stars in your crown, and thinking." "Thinking? what are you thinking about?" "Oh, what our teacher told us yesterday. She said that all who go to heaven have crowns, and I was wondering if they looked like yours. She said that if we get some one else to love Jesus we shall have stars in our crown. Sister Belle, wouldn't you like to have as many stars in your crown in heaven as you have in this one?" "Oh, hush, Grace, will you?"

Away Sister Belle went to the ball. But the words rang in her ears: "Shall I have stars in my crown, or shall I have no crown at all? Not if I waste my life like this." Soon she returned home, and went into Grace's room, and, kneeling by her side, kissed her sweet, sleeping face and said, "Dear little sister, God helping me, I will have a crown, and you shall lead me back to Jesus." And she became a follower of Christ. Before that her heart had been full of the thorns of sinful pleasure, and they had crowded out her love for the Saviour.

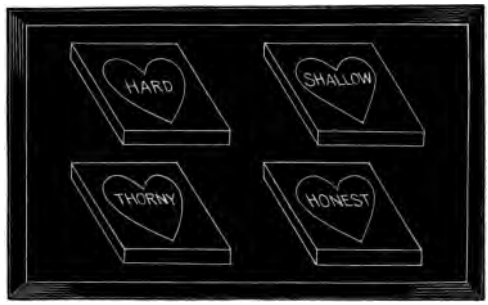
The last box contains good soil, and you notice that when we drop the seeds into it they sink into the earth and we easily cover them. After they have remained here a little time they will spring up, and if we let them grow they will bring forth fruit. This soil indicates a good, honest heart receiving the Word of God and bringing forth fruit. We will remove the last paper from the board and in the heart there represented write the word HONEST.

There was a man who had a child by the name of Lillie. He loved her very much, but he would not let her or any of the family go to church or Sunday-school. He became ill, and to keep the home quiet the little girl was sent away to a

playmate, who took her to a mission school. The subject was "Peter denying Christ."

When she returned home she took her slate and after a few moments said, "Oh dear! I can't do it like her did." Her father said to her, "What cannot my little girl do? Where have you been all the morning?" The little one told the lesson story about the Saviour as she had heard it taught from the blackboard, and how naughty Peter said that he did not know Jesus.

Then, putting her arms around his neck, she said to her father, "You know who Jesus is, don't you, papa?" This simple story by the little five-year-old child was the means of bringing her father to love Christ. The seed of truth which she had heard in the Sunday-school was sown in a good and honest heart, and this was the bringing forth of its fruit.



In New York on the East Side there lived a widow with three children. She gained a living by washing. She worked very hard. After a time her health failed and she was informed that she must die.

She called her eldest daughter, thirteen or fourteen years of age, to her bedside, and told her that she could not live, and asked her to promise that she would keep the

family together. Mary promised her mother that she would do so.

After the mother had died Mary worked hard and managed to feed and clothe the children and to keep them together. But after about a year and a half she too became ill and was told that she could not live. She had been a faithful girl, and had kept her promise to her dying mother; but she began to think of the Sunday-school which she had so seldom attended since her mother's death, and of how much less she had read the Bible.

She thought, "When I see Jesus and He says to me, 'Mary, how about the Sunday-school so seldom attended and the Bible so often neglected?' what shall I answer Him?" This greatly troubled her, for she did not know what she would answer.

One of her young friends from the Sunday-school class called to see her. As she sat by the bed Mary told her what was troubling her. Her friend said, "Let me see your hands." And Mary extended her calloused hands, which had been worn thin by toil and illness. "When you see Jesus and He says to you, 'How about the Sunday-school so seldom attended and the Bible so often neglected?' you need not say anything to Him, but just show Him your hands."

Her friend knew that He could see the marks of toil, duty done, and fruit-bearing in those hands, and would need no words of explanation. Are you trying to do something every day to please Christ? That is fruit-bearing. When you see Him can you show Him hands which have labored for Him? Look upon the board and tell me which heart is yours. Pray to the Saviour to give you the good, honest heart.

CHARACTER REFINING

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 Pet. i. 7.

HERE is a piece of iron ore and here is a steel needle. The iron ore has to be put into a great furnace over a hot fire, where the impurities are burned out, before it can be made into such a beautiful steel needle. Men sit and watch the ore while it is in the furnace. So when we have trouble Jesus watches us, and as soon as our hearts are made pure and obedient, like His, then He stops the fire burning upon us.

Did you ever see how they make glass? See how clear and beautiful this piece is. But it is made out of sand, soda, lime, and potash. All these are melted in a furnace, and then the blower puts in his long tube and gets some of the melted glass upon it, and blows through the tube, and swings the glass until it becomes a long cylinder. This cylinder is taken away and put into another furnace over a hot fire, and it gradually flattens. They take it from one fire to another; and after it has gone through several it is properly tempered, and is cut, and sent out as beautiful glass.

So every one of us may become beautiful jewels in the Saviour's crown; but we must be changed by the Holy

Spirit's melting power as the sand, soda, lime, and potash are changed into glass. Then we must pass through one fire after another until we are tempered just right before we are taken to heaven.

You see this twenty-five-cent coin which I hold in my hand. If you should go to the mint in Philadelphia you could see men watching furnaces in which silver ore is being melted. The fire is hot, and the men sit and watch it until all impurities have been burned out of the silver, and then they remove it from the fire.

When it has become cold it is rolled into bars, and these are stamped with a stamping-machine, and they become such coins as this. So, often we are in the furnace of trouble, and at the right moment the Saviour will remove us from the fire, and we shall have His image stamped upon us. We shall be like Him, and then we shall see Him as He is.

If you come to Jesus and ask Him to make you like Himself, He will do so, but that will not save you from having trouble; but out of all these afflictions He will deliver you; they will not do you any harm.

A young man who was traveling in a distant land was taken ill. No one thought that he could live. He was exceedingly anxious to see his mother before he died. They put him on board a steamer and took him home. He prayed that he might be kept alive until he could see his mother.

When they reached the harbor the captain wanted to telegraph to his mother, and asked him what he should say. "Oh, just tell my mother that her boy is dying on board this ship." "Shall we not ask her to come to see you?" said the captain. "Oh no; there is no need of that," replied the young man; "it is only necessary to tell her and she will be sure to come." And she did come, and soon her arms were around his neck. When Jesus sees His children in trouble

He is sure to come to help them and to deliver them out of every affliction just as soon as it is good for them.

So we need not be afraid of anything harming us if we are true Christians. Often the most beautiful things in our character are the result of some great trouble. The death of father or mother has frequently been used to make the lives of boys and girls most beautiful in the sight of God. Even such great troubles as that He can bless to our good.

It is something as a beautiful vase is made. It is first painted with flowers. But these would soon wear off if they were left like that. So the vase is put into a hot oven, and the heat so burns the flowers on that they will never wear off. Some of the hot fires which God sends us are for the purpose of burning into our lives the most beautiful virtues, which will stand forever in His mansions above.

AN EASTER LESSON

"That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory."—1 Cor. xv. 36, 43.

I HAVE here a fine large head of wheat. I rub it in my hand and the kernels of wheat become separated from the hulls in which they were. Can you tell me what name we give to these hulls? Yes, they are called chaff. They are usually considered the worthless part of the grain, and the heads of grain are run through the thresher so that the teeth of the cylinder will strike every kernel and thus strip off its coat of chaff.

Suppose I take one of these kernels from which the hull has been stripped and bury both it and the hull in this pot of earth; what will become of the kernel of wheat? Yes, it will die. Then what will become of it? It will spring up, first as a little blade, and then as a stalk, and finally a full head of wheat.

But what will become of the hull or chaff which was planted with it? It also will die, but will never rise. It has no germ of life in it, and hence when it is buried it will be seen no more.

This is a good illustration of the Christian and his death. At best in this life he has his weaknesses and failures, which he often regrets. He longs to be free from every imperfection; but as long as he lives he will be liable to err. These

things are no part of his real self; they are the hull of the wheat.

At last the sowing time comes. The body is laid in the grave with all its weaknesses. This often seems hard, especially when we are thus separated from loved ones; but that which is sown is not quickened, except it die. It is sown in dishonor; for we cannot long look upon the dead, even if we would; it is raised in glory. Yes, the chaff of weakness is left in the grave, and the wheat springs forth in beauty and power. Every imperfection will be left behind as we rise. We shall no longer carry with us the hull, which is the mark of the fall. Every remnant and scar of sin will be gone.

But before we can hope to have part in such a resurrection the sins of heart and life must be blotted out. Ralph Howe was a good boy, but a circus had come to town and he was tempted to run away from school to go and see it. The teacher, Miss Ward, sent one of the boys to call him back; but Ralph ran all the faster, jumped upon a wagon, swung his arms, and went on. As soon as school was out all the boys went to see the animals. But Ralph was unhappy. His running away from school gave him more unhappiness than seeing the animals gave him pleasure.

After school the next day Ralph stayed and talked with the teacher. He said, "I am sorry I did such a mean thing; I have not enjoyed it a bit. I should not think that boys would play truant if they feel as I do about it." The teacher asked him to take chalk and write upon the board what he had done, and leave it there for the rest of the school to read in the morning. He wrote: "I ran away from school; I did not come back when my teacher called me. I am sorry. If she will forgive me this time I will try to behave well. RALPH HOWE."

How he dreaded to go to school the next day! He was

CENTRAL CIRCULATION

sure all the boys would make fun of him; he did not dare to look at the board. Soon Miss Ward called out his name and asked him to read what was upon the board. He looked up to read, but was astonished to find this instead of what he had written: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Isa. xliii. 25).

The teacher explained to the school how sorry Ralph was, and that she had erased what he had written and put that text in its place. There were tears in many eyes as the teacher said, "These are my words to the boy who did wrong and is sorry. They are Christ's words to all who repent. Will you each try to forget Ralph's wrong, and never mention it to him? It is blotted out."

We should not let our heart run away from Christ; for by His death and resurrection He has blotted out all our sins, as Ralph's disobedience was erased from the board. Let Him dwell in your heart, and then when the wheat must die only the hull will perish, while the germ shall rise in glory. Then the mortal shall put on immortality, and you can triumphantly exclaim, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

WORK

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?"—Mark vi. 3.

You can all tell me what this is. A saw. Doubtless Jesus often used a saw something like it. Joseph, His father, was a carpenter, and our text calls Jesus a carpenter. We are told that He went with His parents down to Nazareth and was subject unto them. He was obedient to them. They were poor and compelled to toil for their living, and Jesus was known as a working-boy in the village. You cannot think of Him as being a lazy boy, can you? You are sure, too, that He was not ashamed to be seen using a saw or other tools.

Some boys and girls seem to think that it is disgraceful to work. They are even ashamed to carry a small package through the streets. It is honorable to work, and idleness is a disgrace. I hope you boys and girls will never be ashamed to toil.

Think how the ants and the bees work, and nearly everything that God has created. Those insects which do not work do not live long. The little butterfly flitting about seems to desire to live only for the present. Suppose a butterfly sees a bee earnestly working, and says to the little bee, "Oh, you silly little creature! why are you singing and working so hard, gathering more honey than you can

eat? Why don't you get up and flit around, and have just a good time, and do nothing more than to play, as I do?"

The little bee is almost too busy to answer the silly butterfly; but he says, "I have a family to care for, and winter is coming on, and I must store up honey." And on he sings as he flies from flower to flower, loading himself down with honey, that he may carry it home. The butterfly seems to be happy and so does the bee. But one is working hard and the other is not.

A few weeks pass and the butterfly and bee meet again. The wind is cold and chilly, and the poor butterfly is almost frozen stiff, and has no place to shelter itself and nothing to eat. And the butterfly says to the bee, "I wish I had some food and a warm place to go to." "Now," says the little bee, "you see why it is wise to work in summer and provide for the winter. While you have to die because of the cold, I can crawl into my little nest and live on the honey until spring." Before many days had passed the little butterfly was all shriveled up and lying upon its back, stiff and cold in death. He did not work and therefore he could not live.

To be a worker it is not necessary to use a saw and plane as Jesus did. There are many kinds of work. Paul was a tent-maker, but undoubtedly he worked much harder preaching the gospel and caring for the churches. Yet even when an apostle he was not ashamed to earn his food by the industrious use of the needle.

Several of the apostles were fishermen, and they were earnest and hard-working men, often toiling all night with the net. But when they became fishers of men they labored just as earnestly and often bore suffering with it. Hence to toil with hand or mind is an honor and not a disgrace.

The work of boys and girls is usually considered of no great importance. It is study at home or at school, assist-

ing the parents in various ways, and having to dress and to help themselves as much as possible. All this seems so child-like and simple. If they must work they would like something important to do. This is making a serious mistake.

The training of body, mind, and heart which is received through doing these simple things is of inestimable value. All skilled mechanics, famous painters, successful physicians, prosperous business men, ingenious inventors, renowned musicians, apt teachers, and faithful preachers have received most valuable training from the hard work they did in early life. The man is able to do the difficult and important thing only because, when a boy, he was willing to do that which seemed unimportant.

The apostles were better able to widely spread the gospel in the days before railroads and other comfortable and rapid modes of travel because in early life they had accustomed themselves to toil and hardships.

By His labor in early life even Jesus was better fitted for His mission in manhood. The roads were difficult, and had to be traveled upon foot. The people were poor and used to privations. One reared in ease and luxury could not have lived and labored as He did in such a country and among such people.

If a young man should to-day walk over the same roads which Jesus walked, and go the distance in a day that He and the disciples went, with the Eastern sun pouring down upon the head, he would discover that Jesus must have been accustomed to hard labor. How frequently He walked a long distance, taught the people until they became weary, and then spent the night in prayer! How well He could say, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"!

Often it is that boys and girls who have the natural abilities which, if developed by physical and mental labor, would

make them a success in life, have turned out failures simply because those powers were lost to them through the mistaken idea that youth is the time for pleasure, and a time in which to be aided by parents and others.

One often sees little tadpoles in country ponds. Boys call them polliwogs. They develop into frogs. There is a small animal which looks very much like these tadpoles. It is called the ascidian. It has eyes and ears, mouth and backbone, and you think that it is going to grow into some fine large animal.

After a while it goes and sticks its mouth up against a rock, and there it fastens itself. It does not work for its food, and begins to breathe through its gills. Soon its backbone is gone, and the eye in its brain disappears, and the little thing shrivels up into a poor, tiny, living mass with its head sticking against a rock. It cannot get away, and there it has to remain without being able to see or swim, or even to use its mouth.

Because it will not work and see, soon it loses the power to do either. There are too many ascidians in this world. The most important thing they are able to do is to receive assistance. Determine, by God's help, that you will not be one of them. Follow the example of Jesus and be a worker.

GOOD SHEEP

"But ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."—John x. 26, 27.

HERE is a long staff with a crook upon the end.* The shepherd always keeps his crook about him. If he sees a wolf or other animals approaching he uses it to defend the flock. If a sheep goes into a dangerous place, where it is liable to fall over a precipice or sink into the mire, he puts his crook about it and pulls it back. The shepherd also uses it to lean upon as a cane. David says, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Christ calls Himself the good Shepherd. Can you tell me who are His sheep? Yes, I hope we can truthfully say, "We are His sheep." But not all persons are His sheep; for He says to the people whom He addresses in our text, "But ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep." If we wish to be His good sheep there are some things that we must do.

First, a good sheep trusts its shepherd. If a wolf pursues the flock they run to the shepherd, and while near him feel perfectly safe; they believe that he is able to protect them. If there be rivers to cross they are not afraid to have the shepherd take them, one after another, upon his

* Any large cane with bent handle will answer.

shoulders, and bear them over the deep, swift-running water. Often shepherds bear their flock across the Jordan in this manner.

When the time for washing and shearing the sheep comes, they have a hard experience. They are carried out into a river, and there are held with their heads just above the water, while their wool is squeezed in the strong hands of the shepherd. This is a long and tedious process, and one in which sheep that do not trust their shepherd become very much frightened.

After this the shearing occurs. This is another test of the confidence which the sheep has in its master. It is thrown down, and the shearer's leg is put over its neck to hold it down and to keep it quiet, while he with large shears clips the wool from its back. A sheep which did not trust the shearer might think, "Dear, dear! he will certainly kill me. Every moment I am afraid he will cut me terribly with those sharp shears."

If we are good sheep we shall not be afraid to trust Christ, our good Shepherd. When enemies assail us we shall flee to Him and feel safe in His care. When hard, trying experiences come to us He is putting His crook about us to lead us into the right way, and we shall believe that He does all things well and has not lost His love for us. When at last we come to the Jordan of death we shall not be afraid to trust Him to take us up into His arms and bear us safely over to the heavenly land.

A little girl nine years old lived in Colorado. She was trying one afternoon to drive some calves home. She was led astray by them, and lost her way in the forest. She wandered slowly on through the chill November night, not knowing where she was. At last she reached a farmer's house a long way from home. They asked her many questions as to how she got through the night.

She said, "The wolves kept close to me all night and snapped at my feet; but I remembered how my mother had told me always to pray to God in any danger. I did pray, and then I knew that the wolves could not hurt me, because God would not let them." How sweet was that little girl's trust in the protection of the good Shepherd!

Second, a good sheep hears the shepherd's call. The sheep in Palestine always know the voice of their shepherd, and they follow him; but they do not know the voice of a stranger. Suppose the sheep are feeding, and one of them is going into a dangerous place, and the shepherd calls out, "Come, Billy." Suddenly the sheep raises its head and listens, and then runs toward its shepherd.

In Palestine a man had a sheep which was a great pet with him. One day he missed his sheep and found it in his neighbor's field. He asked to have it returned, but the man would not give it up, saying that it belonged to him. They went to law over it, and both men were summoned before the judge. The sheep was brought also. Both claimed it.

After talking over the matter for some time, the judge commanded that the sheep be taken into another room, where it could not see either of the men. He told one of them to call the sheep, and he called and called in vain. As soon as the other man called the sheep began to "baa, baa," and ran toward the open door as much as to say, "Here I am." It went straight up to its shepherd, baaing as it went. That settled the matter at once. The man was told to take his sheep home, and away he went very happy.

Here we see that the sheep knew the voice of the shepherd. Many boys and girls do not seem to know the voice of the good Shepherd. He speaks to them through their conscience, by the Holy Spirit, in His Word, and through teachers and preachers, parents and friends. If we would

be His good sheep we should accustom ourselves to listen to His voice, so that we shall recognize it when He speaks.

Third, a good sheep follows the shepherd. It will not follow a stranger. There is a fable which illustrates this. One time the wolves saw that many of their number had been killed by the shepherds, and they thought that it would be better to make peace with the sheep. So they had a conference with the sheep, and drew up an agreement that they would be friends. The wolves let some of their little puppy wolves go and live among the sheep as hostages to prove their sincerity in the treaty; and the sheep sent some of their lambs to go and live among the wolves to prove their sincerity in the agreement.

After a time the little wolves grew to be large and savage. One day, when the shepherd was not looking, they pounced upon some of the lambs, and killed them, and dragged them off to their own home. When the older wolves saw the others coming with the little lambs, they seized upon those which had been left with them and killed them. You see the sheep had the worst of the bargain.

The fable teaches us that we should never make peace with wolves, or wicked persons, for they will do us serious harm. If we want to be good sheep we must not follow the advice of the wicked, but listen to the counsel of Jesus, the good Shepherd, and also to those whom He appoints to watch over us.

SIN AS PARALYSIS

"And they come unto Him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four."—Mark ii. 3.

THIS is a piece of China matting about six feet long. It looks much like the bed upon which the paralytic lay when borne of the four men. One had hold of each corner. When they could not get near to Christ because of the crowd, they went up to the roof by means of outside stairs, and tore it up, and let their friend down at the feet of Jesus.

When Jesus saw their faith He said unto the sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house."

Immediately the man was healed of his paralysis, and arose, and rolled up his bed, something as I roll up this matting, and carried it out before them all.

You would think this a poor bed for an ill person to lie upon, would you not? Many of those used in the East are much like this. They are a little thicker, and there is a small roll for a pillow. This bed is laid upon the floor, or upon a stone platform about a foot from the floor, and the sleeper lies upon it, having only a blanket over him. Of course wealthy persons have better beds.

While we are more fortunate than the poor paralytic in having a better bed than he, and are not affected with the disease from which he suffered, yet there are some respects

in which we are like him. There is a paralysis of spirit similar to the paralysis of the body. The man whom Jesus healed was suffering from it, and all of us by nature have the same disease.

Sometimes paralysis attacks the nerves, and the sense of feeling is lost. We speak of portions of the body as being dead. Often paralysis of the soul dulls or destroys the sense of feeling. The victims are insensible of God's goodness, the appeals of reason, or the advice of friends. They are utterly indifferent to the love of Christ, for they do not know Him. It is like an ill person not recognizing his nearest relatives.

A minister, who is living a sacrificing life that he may preach the gospel to the poor in New York, relates the following incident: "One Sunday, after church, learning that a little five-year-old girl of our Sunday-school had been burned to death, and was to be buried that afternoon, I went around to see if I could be of any service. After speaking a few words of sympathy, I asked the father if he was going to have a minister. He said, 'I am a poor man and not able to pay a minister.' I told him that I never charged for such services and would like to come if he desired it.

"Bursting into tears, he said he would not have me come for nothing, but if I would come for a small sum he would be thankful. Then he told me that his wife had been so insane since the death of an older child that she would never own this little girl, and that he had been both father and mother to her." Some boys and girls seem as insensible to Christ as this poor mother was to her child. They refuse to own Him as their Saviour.

The paralytic often has a clear mind, but is unable to perform the least act. In this he is like one who has paralysis of the spirit, who knows his duty, but does not seem able to

perform it. He continually puts off doing what he knows must be done. Sin seems to load him down, and he is unable to move as he ought, and so he is a prey of every evil-minded person. Have you not seen boys and girls like that?

Their indulgence in sin makes them like condors, which are large birds in the Andes Mountains. They have large wings, and long, powerful claws, and swoop down upon some poor animal, and would carry it off; but their claws have become so dulled by sitting on the rocks upon the mountains that they cannot pick up the animal and carry it away. So they kill it there and begin to eat it. They continue to eat until they have gorged themselves with food, and when they are so full that they cannot fly, men go and catch them.

In ancient times one kind of paralysis was called catalepsy. In whatever form the body chanced to be when struck with the disease, there it remained in a fixed condition. If the arm was extended, or in any way the body was distorted, it could not be changed from that position.

This represents the last stage which souls suffer because of sin. Those who will not become healed of sin become permanent sinners. In New Jersey some wood-choppers were cutting down a tree, and inside of it they found the skeleton of a man, and also some writing in a diary which he had kept. The man had been pursued by the Indians many years before, and had leaped into that hollow tree, and became fast, so that he could not get out, and there he died.

Like that poor man, many boys and girls are becoming fixed in sin, which is the most terrible kind of a prison; and, unless they come to Christ soon, they will be in danger of eternal sin. Think how terrible to be a spiritual paralytic forever! Has Christ healed your paralysis?

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."
—Ps. ciii. 3.

I HAVE here a bottle of colored liquid, upon which is pasted a paper having the letter M printed on it. You see that I have also a tumbler and a spoon. You may not be able to tell me what is represented by the bottle of liquid. What do people take when they are ill? Yes, medicine. I will stand the bottle and the glass upon the desk, while we have a little talk concerning illness.

How can we tell when people are sick? Some have headaches, others pain and fever, and others show their illness by their pale looks. But there are other sicknesses besides those of the body; that is, of the mind. People show this illness by not having power to control themselves, and by their acts and conversation. Those whose minds are diseased are said to be insane.

There are not only ill bodies and minds, but also sick hearts. We know when the heart or spirit is sick by the acts. Unkind words, irreverence, profanity, stealing, lying, and bad thoughts are symptoms of a diseased heart. People usually try to heal ill bodies with medicine, and they try to cure diseased minds by putting the sufferers into an asylum. Sometimes they have to bind them with a chain like this.

How do they try to heal sick spirits or hearts? Some-

times by signing a pledge, if the sickness be intemperance; frequently by leaving off lying, stealing, and other sins; oftentimes by putting one into a prison for the wicked things he has done. This is the medicine which men use in endeavoring to cure hearts which are sick.

But Jesus cures the ill body, the diseased mind, and the sick heart by His presence and by commanding those who are suffering to be whole, and they are healed immediately. He never fails to cure. Hence He is often called the great Physician.

Do you know what people usually do when they are taken ill in the night? Some one goes for a physician. So when one has a sin-sick heart he should go to the great Physician. We read in the Bible that the people took their sick ones to Jesus, and He healed them all. It would have been foolish for the people of Capernaum to have carried their sick away to other physicians when Jesus was healing all who came to Him. So it is unwise for us to go to any one aside from Him; for no one else can cure us. He never fails to make well from their sins the boys and girls who come to Him. They not only cease to commit sin, but they hate it.

People need to have confidence in their physician; they must believe that he can cure them; they must trust him. So we must trust the great Physician to cure our souls, to make us well from our sins.

When Louis Agassiz, the famous scientist, was a little boy, he and his younger brother were invited to a friend's house to have a good time. In order to reach there they had to cross a sheet of ice. They came to a large crack in the ice, over which Louis could pass, but the little brother could not.

What was he to do? Go over and leave the little one, and say to him that he would tell him what a good time he

had had when he returned? No; he thought of a better plan. He lay down upon his hands and knees, making a bridge of himself over which the brother could safely pass to the other side. Then he arose and crossed over himself.

You see, if the little one had not trusted Louis he would not have tried to cross over the crevice upon his brother. So if we do not trust Jesus with our souls, we shall never pass over our sins. But if we trust ourselves upon Him, He not only cures us, but takes us safely over the deep chasm of death, where we shall have joy forever; for He is our Elder Brother. We need not fear to fully trust Him.

But people must not only trust the physician; they must do what he says; they must take his medicine. In New York, last winter, there was a young woman by the name of Annie Smith found to be starving. The police called for an ambulance and sent her to a hospital. She refused to tell anything about herself, and, although she was starving, and there was an abundance of food offered her, she closed her lips and refused to take any portion of it. All the entreaties of the physicians and nurses were fruitless. She must starve to death because she refused to eat when they requested her.

Some people think that they come to Jesus and trust Him, but they refuse to eat of His food, which is offered in abundance in the Bible. They close their heart and will not receive it, and they hold on to their sins. And their disease becomes worse and worse, and their soul dies forever, simply because they refuse to take the great Physician's medicine.

But even that does not seem so bad as it does to see one starving and not know that he is. In Brooklyn there was a little boy by the name of Felix found in a vacant lot. The boys went to him and shouted "Fire!" in his ears; but as he did not move, they concluded that he was dead, and told a policeman that there was a murdered boy lying in the lot.

He was taken to a hospital, and after physicians had worked over him for an hour he became conscious.

He could answer none of their questions. He was asked if he was hungry, and seemed to understand, but burst into tears instead of replying. Finally one of the doctors, after carefully examining him for a second time, exclaimed, "I have it; he is starving to death." It was so. When food was placed before him he devoured it with eagerness, and soon recovered.

Some little infants are found starving, like this small boy, and are not only not able to tell what is the trouble with them, but they do not know that it is hunger. That is the way with many boys and girls. They are quite unhappy, are miserable because of their sins, and do not know that their souls are sick and that they need to go to the great Physician. Their heart is hungry and starving. Every one who does not come to Him will starve eternally.

Like the poor demoniac of Gadara, some act as if they think that Jesus comes to torment them, when He desires to make them happy forever. No physician was ever so certain to cure as He; none ever so tender, loving, and patient. Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou have thy heart, which is all wrong, made all right? Then come to Him at once. His arms are now open for thee.

JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE

"And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not My Father's house a house of merchandise."—John ii. 15, 16.

JESUS went into the temple, and there He saw men sitting, changing money for the people, and others having doves, cattle, and sheep to sell for sacrifice. When He saw all this business being transacted in the Lord's house He was much displeased; and He made a scourge, something like this which I hold in my hand, and drove them all out.

You see that it is simply some small ropes so held in the hand as to form a whip. Probably Jesus picked up the cords or ropes with which the animals brought to the temple had been tied. What confusion there must have been when they were all trying to get away from the scourge in the hands of the Saviour!

He told them that His Father's house should be a house of prayer. Do you not think that it was strange for the people to transact business in the temple, the house of God, which was dedicated to Him? No wonder Jesus was displeased. But there are some other things that He would drive out of His house, or church, to-day if He were on earth.

The first is VANITY. Some boys and girls go to church with their best clothes on, and look at themselves, and think, "What fine new shoes I have; what a nice dress, or fine suit of clothes, and what a beautiful bonnet I wear!" They compare their clothing with that of others to see if it is not better. This is vanity, and Jesus is displeased with it.

One time King Nebuchadnezzar walked out upon his palace in Babylon, and said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" And his heart was lifted up with pride. God was so displeased with this vanity that He smote Nebuchadnezzar, and he became like a beast of the field, and ate grass like an ox, until he learned that there is no one great but God. All vain feelings are displeasing to Him, and must never be carried into His house.

The next thing which I think that Jesus would drive out of His church is IRREVERENCE. Many boys and girls go into His house when He is being addressed in prayer, and hymns are sung to Him, and His Word is read, and they are indifferent to it all. They look around and whisper, and seem to care nothing for God. It is wrong for boys and girls to be looking about and thinking of something else during prayer. They should close their eyes, that they may shut out of sight the things about them, and thus be able to think only of Him, and they should bow their heads to show their reverence for Him.

After Moses had been for a long time keeping sheep for Jethro, his father-in-law, when he was in the field one day he saw a bush on fire, and noticed that it was not consumed; and he said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." And when he went near the bush God called unto him out of the fire, saying, "Moses,

Moses. Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." And Moses quickly removed his shoes. If he had not shown this reverence probably he would have died.

You have heard of the ark of the covenant, which used to stand in the temple, in the holy of holies. It contained the tables of stone on which was written the law; and the cherubim, with wings like angels, were upon the top. God commanded that no one should ever touch it; the people should have great respect for it, because there is where He met them.

One time the ark had been taken out of the tabernacle in which it was kept, and was captured by the Philistines. It cost them a great deal of trouble, and they sent it back to the Israelites. It was left in the house of a man by the name of Abinadab. After being there many years, David and the people went to take it to Jerusalem. As it was being drawn along upon a cart a man by the name of Uzzah thought that he must steady it, and he reached out his hand and touched it. The Lord's anger was kindled against him, and Uzzah dropped dead before the ark for his rashness. This shows how displeased God is with irreverence.

The next thing with which He is displeased, and would drive out, is COVETOUSNESS. That is what the men had who were selling doves and changing money in the temple. They were so desirous of having money that they were willing to desecrate God's house to get it. I am afraid that some boys and girls, when they go to church, look around and see the fine things which other children have, and covet them.

Achan, who coveted and took a Babylonish garment and a golden brick from Jericho, was stoned to death, with all his family. Thus did God drive covetousness from His people.

Another thing is ENMITY. Sometimes boys and girls go into church to worship when they are angry with their companions, and will not play with them or speak to them. They desire God to forgive them, but they will not forgive others. Christ would drive out such a spirit.

Not only would the Saviour drive these things from the church, but He would expel them from your heart. He wants to dwell within you and make you His temple; for He tells us that we are to be the temple of the Holy Spirit.

Now think of what we have considered, and you will notice that the first letters of the words form the word VICE.

V ANITY
I RREVERENCE
C OVETOUSNESS
E NMITY

All of these things are vices in God's sight, and you should never permit any of them to remain in your heart. It is better to drive them out now than for you to be driven out of His presence, as Adam and Eve were driven from the garden. If any of them are in your heart pray Christ to remove them at once.

GODS MANY

"There be gods many."—1 Cor. viii. 5.

THERE is but one true God; yet people may have many gods which they worship, not realizing what they do. Here is one such god. It is the bottle god. Many people would be surprised if you told them that this is their god, and that they worship it instead of the Creator. Yet they really worship it, because a god is anything that takes the place of Christ in our heart.

Joe Morgan, told about in the book, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," loved his wife and child, but he began to worship this bottle god. He was a good miller, but he neglected his business for drink. He lost his position, his clothes began to wear out, and his wife and child suffered for food. One day he was in the bar-room, where he had spent his last sixpence for drink. The hotel-keeper ordered him out of the room, because he had said or done something which was displeasing.

Joe refused to go. The hotel-keeper became angry, and picked up a heavy glass, and threw it at the head of the poor drunken man; but it passed by him, and struck little Mary, his daughter, who had come to take her father home. It frightfully cut her temple. She was carried home, and after a time a fever set in, and she died. This was all because her father was worshiping the bottle god.

This is another god—the dollar god. I think that more people worship this god than the bottle god. They do not always begin with dollars; they sometimes begin with pennies. If you go along the street, and see some boys in a crowd, very much excited, pitching marbles, or playing with dice for pennies, you may be sure that they are worshiping this dollar god; and when they grow older they will not only be greater gamblers, but this dollar god will be occupying the place in their heart that Christ ought to have. We feel sorry for those who bow down to idols of wood and stone, but those who worship this dollar god by having it keep them from being true Christians are just as truly worshiping idols as are the heathen.

I take this clay pipe, and from the glass of water blow a soap-bubble. It is beautiful; but see how quickly it bursts. It represents the pleasure god. Young people who live only for pleasure worship this god. But many of the pleasures which boys and girls are so anxious to have are just as frail as this soap-bubble.

They seem nice for a while, but so soon are gone, and there is nothing to them. Pleasures often take the place of Christ in the heart of boys and girls and young people. They think that they will not love and serve Him, because then they cannot have any pleasure. This is a great mistake; for those who worship the true God are much more happy than those who worship the pleasure god. Christians have joy and the Saviour too, but those who seek sinful pleasure will soon have neither happiness nor the Saviour.

There was a man in Mexico who had a mine worth thirty thousand dollars. He wanted some salt pork to eat, and he went across the line into the United States, and bought three pounds. He took it back into Mexico, contrary to the Mexican law, and when the officials discovered it they arrested

him and confiscated his property. So he had his pork, but it cost him ten thousand dollars a pound. Those who worship the god of pleasure pay too much for it. No true happiness can be enjoyed by those who reject Christ.

Here are other gods, idol gods. One is an idol which has been worshiped by heathen, and the other is a crucifix. The Lord has commanded us not to make graven images, or to bow down to them, or serve them; but millions of people make and worship images like this little god. Many people in our land make images like the other, which they say represents Christ upon the cross, and they bow down to them.

God is much displeased with this. Many ignorant people let the little crucifix take the place of Christ. I heard of an ignorant woman who one time lost her crucifix, and sought all over the house for it, crying, "I have lost my God, I have lost my God!"

Paul, in his sermon to the Athenians, urged them to turn from all their idols, and serve the only true God, who has appointed a day in which He will judge us. Since we must give an account to Him of how we spend our time, and what we worship, we should be careful not to let anything take the place of Christ in our heart.

LOSING JESUS

"But they, supposing Him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found Him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple."—Luke ii. 44–46.

THIS little bell is much like those which are put upon the neck of sheep, so that if they are lost the owner can more easily find them. Bells are also put upon cows for the same purpose. We often see them worn by little dogs and kittens.

When Jesus was twelve years old His parents took Him to Jerusalem. While returning home, they were busy visiting, and attending to the affairs of their journey, and, supposing Him to be in the company, they went all one day without discovering that He was not with them.

Jesus was not lost; He knew where He was; but His parents had lost Him. How anxious Mary was over her boy! Sometimes parents lose their children and become insane from sorrow; others die with a broken heart; others spend all their property to find the lost one.

But boys and girls may lose Jesus, as well as Mary lost Him. He comes to live in their hearts, and gives them joy and peace. If by sin they grieve Him from them they lose all their happiness.

This was the case with the young man of whom Jesus tells

us. He became dissatisfied with his home, and went away into a far country, and there spent all his money. He became a prodigal; he had nothing to eat. So through his sins he lost his food and his happiness, his home and his parents. He was perfectly wretched, and a man sent him into his field to feed swine. He was almost starved. His mother was not lost; his father was not lost; but he had lost everything.

So when we lose Jesus it is not because He is hidden, but because we have wandered. Sometimes a sheep loses the fold and the shepherd; but it is because it has wandered away from them. So when boys and girls have wandered away from Jesus, they have lost Him. Often it may be to commit sin. Perhaps it may be to play marbles for pennies, or they become angry and say wicked things. Then they lose all their happy feeling, and wander away from Christ, like the mother of Jesus; they are miserable. They lie down at night and think how terrible it would be to die in that condition. Everything looks black before them.

Mary supposed that Jesus was in the company, and as a result lost Him. So we may take it for granted that He is with us, that we are all safe, and not take the trouble to find out for a certainty by prayer and Bible study, and soon discover that we have lost our peace. Boys and girls who are not very wicked are in danger of taking it for granted that they are Christians; but that is never safe.

One night a little boy fell out of bed. The next morning at the breakfast-table the older members of the family laughed at him for it, and told him that he had slept too near the place where he fell out. He replied, "No; I went to sleep too near where I got in." That is like many boys and girls. They unite with the church or the Endeavor Society, and then are perfectly at ease, thinking that they are Chris-

tians, and that there is no more for them to know of Christ. Instead of going on to know the Lord, they fall asleep too near where they "got in," and ere they are aware they have lost Him.

The mother of Jesus went away from Him for only one day, but it was three days before she could find Him. We may lose Him for a short time, and be a long time finding Him.

It may be by a single sin that we are separated from Him for years, and perhaps forever. By a little movement of our foot we may send a stone rolling down a mountain with great velocity. It will go a long way from where it started in an incredibly short time. But it is not so easy to get that stone up the mountain again.

We may easily and rapidly descend the road of sin and death, but ah, what struggles, what pain, and what patience to get back! Too often the fallen one never ascends the way of righteousness. The only safe thing is not to depart from Christ for one moment.

God has given us a conscience which is something like this bell. It rings a warning whenever we commit sin. If we follow that we shall be much less liable to lose Christ. The Bible is also like a bell in that it tells us where we may find the lost one. Let us become so well acquainted with it that we shall be able to distinguish its messages to us somewhat as people know the sound of the bells on their sheep and cattle.

TAGS

"And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads." —Rev. xiii. 16.

THIS is a tag such as is put upon packages which are sent by express. You see that it has the name of the owner written upon it, and the place to which it is to be sent.

Do you know that we each have a tag fastened upon us which tells to whom we belong and where we are going? Our text says that Satan causes a mark to be put upon all those who are his, in the hand or in the forehead. Have you not seen people who bore his mark, which told whom they were serving and where they were going as plainly as this tag tells its owner, and the destination of the package upon which it is placed?

This mark of Satan is often shown in the face. You can tell that the one who bears it has a bad heart and is guilty of sin. Users of alcoholic liquors are prominent examples of those who display this tag. One's ungoverned temper is another way of showing the mark of Satan. So are bad companions. We say that one is known by the company he keeps. Evil conduct is a conspicuous label of one's owner, and the place to which he is traveling.

But God has His mark which is placed upon His children. It is not always shown by what is usually considered a beau-

tiful face, but even one who is naturally homely becomes noble and beautiful when Christ is in the heart. A pious heart is sure to show itself in the face. It is also shown by our temper, companions, and conduct.

We are travelers, and bear either the mark of Christ or of Satan. Which is it? Here is a true story which recently appeared in a prominent paper. Four years ago a poor laborer named Halletza left Hungary and came to this country to prepare a home for his wife and son. The wife soon died, leaving the baby.

Halletza worked hard in a Pennsylvania hill town, and saved every penny; but three years passed before he could rent a little cabin and make it comfortable. He was hungry for the sight of his child, to hear it speak, to hold it in his arms; but he could not go after it to Hungary. He had not the money, and besides, to give up his work that winter, when work was so scarce, was to sentence himself to idleness and starvation. All that he could do was to send money for the child's passage, asking that it should be sent to him in the care of some emigrants coming from Hungary to New York.

Its guardian was old and dull of wit. She did not know any emigrants who were coming to America; but she bought the ticket and tied it about the child's neck with a tag, on which were written its father's name and address, and a few words begging all good Christians for the love of God to give it food and drink.

The four-year-old boy, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, his little bundle of clothes at his side, was found by the astonished guard sitting alone in an emigrant train leaving Budapest.

The man shared his own meals with him. Then the ragged, disorderly mob that crowded the car gathered around

him in amazement and pity. They fought with one another, but they spoke gently to this frightened little tot. The women made room for him beside their own children, and at night, when he cried for home, they rocked him to sleep in their arms.

In their care he rode hundreds of miles, crossed the Alps, and passed through Italy to Genoa, where they carried him on board the steamer for New York.

He was among strangers again, but the story of the friendless baby was told through the ship. After that somebody was always ready to feed him, to rock him to sleep, to hold him on the knee. The cabin passengers made up a purse for him. The women in the steerage washed his little aprons and frocks, and mended them.

When he reached New York his friends bade him good-by, and placed him on a Pennsylvania train. Some kind soul telegraphed his father, and that evening, when the cars rolled up to the station of the hill town, a gaunt working-man caught the child in his arms, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, carried him to his home.

Somewhat as this little child was sent out to travel thousands of miles with a tag fastened to his neck, so we are journeying to eternity with our mark upon us.

Our heavenly Father sent His Son to us as a little child. He bore the marks of God upon Him. How differently was He treated in His journey through life than was the little Hungarian boy! How patiently He bore the hardships which He endured! While we bear His name and mark let us be careful not to disgrace the one, or to destroy or deface the other, and at the end of our journey we shall be received into the arms of our heavenly Father.

GRAFTS

"Receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls."—James i. 21.

THE little branch which I hold in my hand is called a graft. You see it is a limb which has been sawed from a tree, the end split, and into the opening two little twigs have been placed. When this is done wax is put upon the end about the grafts to exclude the air.* Many of the limbs of the tree to be grafted are cut off, and twigs from a tree bearing the desired kind of fruit are put into the openings. Then these little shoots begin to grow, and after two or three years they bear the new fruit.

When sufficiently large all the old branches are cut from the tree, and only the new ones remain, and the tree is virtually new, bearing new fruit.

This will explain the meaning of our text. We are the natural trees, and are to receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save our souls. The Holy Spirit uses the Word of God to implant in our hearts the new and divine nature.

When we accept Christ as our Saviour we receive the engrafted Word. That Word is to grow and bear fruit in our lives to the honor of Christ. It is the new life which marks us as Christians.

* A branch from any tree can be cut, and used as suggested above.

"I think one can be just as good without being a Christian," said Harry Wood. "There is Tom; where will you find a more reliable fellow? I am sure he is much more agreeable than John, who joined the church last week, and set himself up to be better than the rest of us." Uncle Harvey thought that it was not quite fair to say that John had set himself up to be better than others because he had confessed Christ.

The next day Harry sat under a beautiful shade-tree at the corner of the yard, and Uncle Harvey said, "Do you remember when this tree was set out?" "No; but I have heard father say that he planted it the spring we moved into this house. That must have been ten years ago." "I remember it well," said Uncle Harvey. "It was a mere stick without leaf or branch. It was inclined to bend over to one side, so your father tied it up to a stake to straighten it. It is a pretty good tree now." "Yes, indeed," said Harry; "we would not part with it for anything."

"It seems to me that this post at the side of the gate needs a new coat of paint," said Uncle Harvey. "Oh, it is not worth painting." "How is that? It was put there the same time the tree was planted; a good, strong, reliable post; it looked much better than the tree. What is the difference between a post and a tree, Harry?" "Why, one is a tree and the other is only a post." "Both are wood," said his uncle; "yet one is growing larger and more beautiful every year, and the other begins to show signs of decay." "One had life and the other had not," said Harry; "a thing must have life in order to grow." "This is just the difference," said his uncle, "between John and Tom. Wait ten years before you decide which is the better fellow."

One had life, because he had accepted Jesus, and the

other had not. John had received the engrafted Word of God. In time his fruit would manifest itself.

After a time the old branches which remain are cut from the tree, so that all its vitality may go into the grafts. Frequently shoots will spring out of the old tree at various places. If these are not kept cut off they will grow and bear fruit, and take the life which ought to go into the new branches. Hence good care requires that these be watched and kept trimmed down.

The branches on the natural tree represent our old habits of life and sinful companions. These must be cut off when we become Christians. But that is not the end. Shoots from the old nature will spring up, and if we permit them to grow they will bear fruit, such as evil thoughts, enmity, slander, falsehood, and other sins.

The best instrument with which we can keep these twigs of the old nature cut down is prayer and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. If you receive with meekness the engrafted Word you need not expect to be perfect in a day, nor to bear as much fruit as you will later; but such as you bear will be new and beautiful.

Though the new life in you be as small as the mustard-seed, it is better than the old life, be it ever so showy and largely developed. It is the old natural tree, soon to be hewn down and cast into the fire. The other is the new, and will grow and bloom and bear fruit forever in God's garden.

LARGE RESULTS FROM SMALL MEANS

"Behold, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along. And his fellow answered and said, This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: for into his hand hath God delivered Midian, and all the host."—Judges vii. 13, 14.

THIS little bun which I hold in my hand does not seem to be of much consequence, does it? But a piece of bread was one time used to defeat a vast army.

The Midianites and the Amalekites, and all the children of the East, like grasshoppers for multitude, came to war against the Israelites. Their camels were innumerable. To all outward appearance, the day of doom for the children of Israel had come. But God used a cake of barley bread with which to give Gideon the victory.

He felt timid to attack such a mighty host, and so God told him to go to the camp of the enemy in the night and listen. When he reached the camp he heard one soldier tell to his fellow the dream as related in our text. This dream concerning a cake of barley bread helped to frighten the Midianites and make their defeat more easily accomplished; it also encouraged Gideon, and enabled him to trust God and go forward.

He took his three hundred men who had been selected

according to the Lord's directions, and gave each one a pitcher and a lamp, something like this pitcher and candle. Suppose that this room were dark, and you did not know of my presence, and I, having a large pitcher with a candle in it so that you could not see the light, should suddenly strike the pitcher and break it, and then the light should flash forth, and at the same instant I should shout. It would frighten you, would it not?

Something after this manner Gideon and his three hundred soldiers stood about the camp of the Midianites, and broke their pitchers, and shouted, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Upon hearing this the Midianites were terrified and confused, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, so that the vast army met a crushing defeat.

There are two lessons for us in this story. First, God can accomplish large results from small means. Boys and girls often think that they are of little consequence. I am sure that there is not one here who is not of more importance than a cake of barley bread. The smallest child has his or her influence, which if blessed of God may accomplish much good.

Sometimes blocks of wood are dressed up to look like men and women, and are stood in show-windows of shops to attract customers. Has a block of wood influence, and a child not? Decoy-men are often employed to lead customers into a store. One time, in the city of Berlin, on the principal street I saw a well-dressed man looking intently in a shop-window. I stopped and looked too, and saw that an auction sale of watches was in progress inside.

I did not want to purchase any watches, but the well-dressed man opened the door and went in, and I followed him. Soon he went out, and when I left I noticed that he stood looking in the window again. Then I mistrusted that

he was a decoy-man, and from across the street I watched him as by his example he led one after another unsuspecting person into the shop, as he had led me.

Each boy and girl, by example, is influencing some one else, as this man without a word led others into the auction sale. Nothing is to be despised because it is small.

The next lesson is that those who fight among themselves are quickly defeated. Out in the western part of this country there are little bugs called chinch-bugs, which destroy the wheat and corn. Sometimes thousands of acres of grain were destroyed by these little bugs. The farmers did not know what to do, but scientific men in Kansas have, through their experiments, found that by putting other little insects among these chinch-bugs they kill off the bugs. A box of the bugs infected with these little parasites, for that is what they are called, is sent to the farmers, and they put a few of them into each field, and the little chinch-bugs are soon exterminated by their tiny companions. They do much more harm to the bugs than could strong men.

Large results in injury may spring from small means if we turn one against another. Let us not despise the day of small things, but remember that God is able to make a little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.

GOD'S SCEPTER

"All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden scepter, that he may live."—Esth. iv. 11.

HERE is a gilded stick about five feet long, and somewhat ornamented. It looks much like a scepter used by kings and queens to show their royal power. The Queen of England has very beautiful scepters carefully preserved in the Tower of London. There is one of gold called the royal scepter. There is another with a dove upon the end of it; this means that the queen is merciful. Kings used to hold these scepters in their hands, and when any one came in to see them, if the king reached out his scepter to the visitor he could live, but if not, he would be killed.

Our text tells us about Queen Esther and Ahasuerus. Esther was a cousin and adopted daughter of Mordecai, the king's gate-keeper. Both were Jews. Proud Haman was the king's chief officer, and required all others to bow as he passed. Mordecai refused to thus reverence him. Haman was exceedingly wroth at this, but as he would not condescend to kill Mordecai alone, he determined to destroy all the Jews. He induced King Ahasuerus to sign the document permitting this to be done.

Now Queen Esther in our text is about to go before the

king to plead with him for the life of her people. You know how well she succeeded. They were not only spared, but wicked Haman was himself hanged upon the gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai.

We are in some respects like Queen Esther. We enjoy being like kings and queens, do we not? This scepter, and the one which was held out to Queen Esther, illustrate the scepter which God holds out to us. He is a King upon His throne, and has His scepter in His hand. Our fathers and mothers, our relatives and friends, you and all in this church, all the men, women, and children whom you ever knew, and every one in the world, will soon have to go in before the King of kings.

We cannot go in so favorably as Queen Esther went in before Ahasuerus. She was beautiful and lovely, and worthy to be received by the king. We have done many wrong things. We have said unkind words about others; we have indulged evil thoughts, and have sometimes taken things that did not belong to us, and told untruths when perhaps no one knew about it. These things make us unlovely and unworthy to go in before the holy King who sits upon His throne in heaven. No one is fit to appear before Him. But we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Every one who goes before God must die unless His divine scepter is held out to him. If King Ahasuerus had not extended his scepter to Queen Esther, as I am holding out this scepter to you, the officers of the court would have seized her and dragged her out of the room and killed her.

This same king was one time entertained by a man who had five sons in his army. The father begged that the eldest son might remain at home with him, and the monarch became so angry at this request that he caused the son to be slain before the eyes of the father, and his body cut in two,

and one part of it placed upon one side of the road, and the other upon the other; and then he marched the whole army between them. You see how dangerous it was for Esther to go in before such a man.

If we should go in before God in our sins we could not even look at Him, He is so holy. God told Moses to put bounds around Mount Sinai, so that the children of Israel could not come near to the mountain; for if they did they would surely die. It was not safe for them to go in their sins; for God was in the mountain to talk with Moses. So you see that if God did not extend His scepter to us no one of us could live in His presence an instant.

All Esther needed to do was to touch the end of the wand, and she was permitted to live. As the sick woman touched the hem of Jesus' garment, and was made whole, so you and I are to touch Him, not with these hands, but with our hearts, and He will make us live forever. God is now holding out His scepter to us, and says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." If we say, "Yes, dear Saviour; come in," that is touching the scepter, and He will come into your heart and make you His child, and you will not be afraid to see Him.

A little girl was lying at the point of death. Her father sat at her bedside watching. Her eyes were closed. After a few moments she looked up and said, "Father." Her father arose and bent over her and said, "What, my child?" She said, "Nothing; I was just talking to my heavenly Father." She was not at all afraid to have her heavenly Father take her into His arms. She had touched the scepter, she had received Jesus into her heart, and was His child.

Remember that as I hold out this scepter toward you, God is presenting Jesus to you. But when He went to extend

His scepter to us it was not so easily done. When Jesus left His heavenly home, and all the angels saw Him come down to the earth, that was God reaching out His scepter to us.

When the angels sang, and the shepherds went to see the babe in the manger, it was God holding out His scepter to us. When Jesus was going through a crowd, and the poor woman who had been ill a long time reached out and touched Him, she touched God's scepter; that little touch made her live.

When Christ was upon the cross, and blood was flowing from His feet and hands and side, that was God extending His scepter to us. How much it cost God to present such a scepter as that! It was not like an earthly king sitting upon his throne, merely holding out a golden scepter. It was like our dear, loving Father seeing us sinking in our sins as a drowning man sinks, and coming Himself to our rescue.

I read the story of a man who had a dog that he highly prized. They were on shipboard. A child threw a stick overboard, and before any one had realized the dog jumped after it. The man went to the captain and asked him to stop the ship. "What! stop the mails for a dog? No, indeed!" The man said, "If you will not stop to save a dog you will have to stop to save a man," and then he jumped overboard. They stopped the ship to rescue the man, and in so doing saved the dog.

The dear Saviour saw you and me sinking, and He jumped into the waters of sin and suffering of this world to rescue us. The billows of death and hell rolled over Him, and He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But as He expired He shouted triumphantly, "It is finished." He burst the bars of death and came forth with our salvation. Now His highest joy is to give us eternal life. Have you touched the scepter?

THE DRAWING POWER OF CHRIST LIFTED UP

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."
—John xii. 32.

HERE is a stick of sealing-wax, which I will rub with this piece of silk.* As I hold it toward the bit of cotton which is suspended by a thread you notice that the cotton flies toward the sealing-wax; and as often as I rub the wax and hold it near the cotton it draws it.

You cannot feel anything about the wax that would lead you to suspect that it possesses such an influence. If you put your ear down to it you can hear nothing. You simply see that it has some invisible power which attracts the cotton. We call that power magnetism. It seems to charm the bit of cotton, for see how it leads it about.

This is like the mysterious captivating influence there is about the story of Christ, His death and resurrection. It has such an attracting and transforming power in it that the most bitter opposers of Him and of His cause are by its recital won to Him. They lose all love for sin and become His most earnest and devoted servants. The cause of this invisible drawing power is the Holy Spirit.

See how the bitter, persecuting Saul is transformed into

* A rubber comb will answer. It and the atmosphere must be dry.

the suffering Paul, who can say, "For me to live is Christ." By this magnetic influence he who consented unto Stephen's death, and who made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and, haling men and women, committing them to prison, is converted into the loving, faithful apostle whose departure from Ephesus caused all the church to weep sore and fall upon his neck and kiss him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.

This power of the Spirit seemed to exercise a charm over his life, and he could move only as moved by Him, somewhat as this cotton can move only when drawn by the magnetic wax. It is said of him and of his helper, "So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed into Seleucia," and "they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not."

Millions of others also have experienced the same drawing of the Spirit. And until we have felt His converting touch, and through it become united to Christ, there is no life in us. Wealth or education, culture or refinement, goodness or anything else, cannot take the place of that. It is the imparting to our soul of the wedding garment without which we can have no hope of partaking of the marriage supper of the Lamb.

One day Allie saw an old woman resting under the cool shade of a tree opposite their garden gate. "Do you want something?" asked Allie. "Yes, dear child, I want a new dress." "A pretty calico?" asked Allie. "That will too soon fade," answered the woman. "A black woolen?" asked Allie. "That will wear out too soon. I want a dress which will last a thousand years or more."

"Oh," thought Allie, "the poor woman must be crazy." "Do you expect to live so long?" "I shall live longer

than that, dear," said the old woman. "I will ask my mamma," said Allie. "But your mamma is not rich enough to buy it, dear child." "Well, my father is rich." "Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want."

"Do you want a dress like a queen's?" asked Allie. "No; but I want a dress like a king's daughter; one that will not get soiled or spoiled. It will always keep white and shining. And you can have one too, and you cannot outgrow it." "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" asked Allie. "It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought for you and for me, dear child. Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins and to put upon us a pure white robe."

That robe is the blessed Holy Spirit, who comes to our heart to give us life and power to do that which is right. Jesus told His disciples to wait and to pray for the Holy Spirit. That is what each Christian boy and girl should do: pray for the Holy Spirit to come and reign in his or her heart.

INVISIBLE HELPERS

"But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him. . . . And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight."—Luke xxiv. 16, 31.

"And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—2 Kings vi. 17.

HERE are two glasses of water which look just alike.* You cannot tell that there is any difference between them; yet there is a difference, although you cannot detect it. I will drop a pinch of salt into one, and then you will see how unlike they are. There, you notice a white cloud forming, which is called a precipitate.

I put the same amount of salt into the other glass, and it does not change it. The reason why the salt produces the white precipitate in the first glass is because there was in the water a chemical called nitrate of silver; the salt made its presence known to us. The silver was there before we put the salt into the glass, but we could not see it; our eyes were not able to detect its presence.

There are many things which exist in the world which our eyes are not sufficiently powerful to behold. In this we are like the disciples who were walking to Emmaus. Jesus drew

* One contains a little nitrate of silver.

near and walked and talked with them, and they knew Him not. At the end of the journey their eyes were opened, and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight.

He has left us the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He draws near to us, and walks with us; but we are not able to see Him any more than our eyes could detect the silver in the glass of water. Often He comes to lead and to bless us, and because we do not realize that it is He we become impatient and self-willed, and take our own course and go into error and sin.

A merchant traveling on horseback, accompanied by his dog, dismounted for some purpose, and dropped his package of money. The dog saw it; the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther bounded in front of his horse and barked louder.

The man, thinking that he had gone mad, drew his pistol and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back he found his dying dog faithfully guarding his treasure. Like that merchant, through our blindness we often mistake our best Friend for our enemy.

Often, too, He is about us to protect us, and we little realize it, because our eyes are holden that we cannot see. One morning the young man with Elisha looked out and saw the city of Dothan surrounded by the army of the Syrians, and his heart sank within him, and he cried, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" Then, in answer to Elisha's prayer, the eyes of the young man were opened, and he saw that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire.

That mighty host of protectors was there just as truly before his eyes were opened as afterward. When he first looked down the hill of Dothan it undoubtedly seemed to him as if there was nothing but thin air to protect them from the Syr-

ians. He little knew what a vast army was hovering between them and their enemies.

One time a lady saw a butterfly on the inside of a window-pane. A bird was on the outside, and seeing the butterfly tried to catch it. The poor butterfly saw the bird try to peck at it, and was frightened. But with all its pecking the bird could not harm the helpless butterfly, because a pane of glass was between them. The butterfly did not know that it was well protected, but feared that the bird would surely kill it; still it was perfectly safe.

You may not see that Jesus is with you, protecting you and going with you when you walk the streets and when you lie down at night; but wherever you go He goes with you to protect and to keep you, whether you see Him or not. By and by your eyes will be opened to see; so you should trust and love Him now.

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